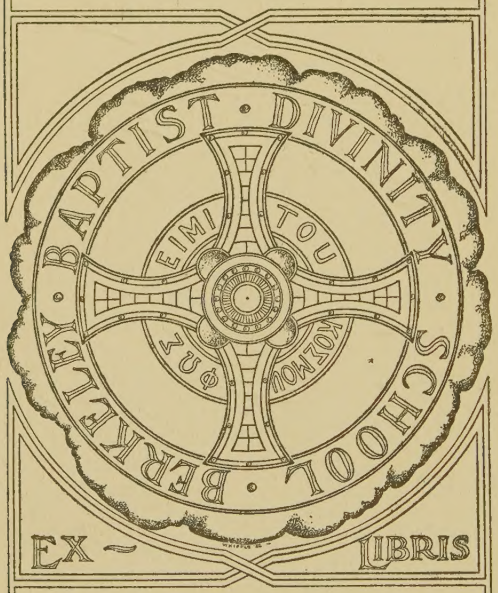
CROUCH MEMORIAL
LIBRARY FUND



Accession No. _____

Date _____

STACY R. WARBURTON
COLLECTION OF
MISSIONARY BIOGRAPHY

OTHER MISSIONARY BOOKS

ON THE EDGE OF THE PRIMEVAL FOREST

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DOCTOR IN AFRICA

By ALBERT SCHWEITZER

Fourth Impression, with 16 Illustrations from photographs and a sketch map.

Crown 8vo. PRICE 6/- NET. *Cloth.*

Some Press Opinions:

The Times: Makes amusing reading in spite of its tragic side.

The Christian World: As soul-stirring a narrative as has appeared for a very long time.

Primitive Methodist Leader: Destined to become a classic in missionary literature.

DAVID CHARTERS

ENGINEER, DOCTOR AND MISSIONARY

Compiled by VICTORIA T. COATS

Large Crown 8vo. PRICE 5/- NET. *Cloth.*

Press Notices:

Aberdeen Press and Journal: . . . a vigorous and appealing picture of the first European missionary efforts in Kenya.

The Times: These letters, now published for the first time, . . . are of considerable interest.

The Guardian: An interesting missionary biography.

The Friend: A graphic story.

PUBLISHED BY A. & C. BLACK, LTD.,
4, 5 & 6, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W. 1

MARY DOBSON

AGENTS

America . . The Macmillan Company
60 Fifth Avenue, New York
Australasia . Oxford University Press
205 Flinders Lane, Melbourne
Canada . . . The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd.
St. Martin's House, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, 2.
India . . . Macmillan & Company, Ltd.
276 Hornby Road, Bombay
294 Bow Bazar Street, Calcutta
North Beach Road, Madras

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/marydobson0000unam

Photo by Elliott & Fry, Ltd.

Mary R. Dobson

MARY DOBSON

MUSICIAN, WRITER AND MISSIONARY

BY

UNA M. SAUNDERS

WITH A FOREWORD BY

J. RENDEL HARRIS

M.A., D.Litt.

CONTAINING SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

Property of
CBBD-
CROUCH
Please return to
Graduate Theological
Union Library

A. & C. BLACK, LTD.

4, 5 & 6, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W. 1

1926

BERKELEY BAPTIST
DIVINITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

Printed in Great Britain.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	FOREWORD— BY J. RENDEL HARRIS, M.A., D.LITT.	ix
	POEM. BY A. MARY R. DOBSON	xii
	INTRODUCTION	xiii
I.	LOOKING BACK, 1872—1896	1
II.	EARLY DAYS IN INDIA	18
III.	MAKING FRIENDS, 1897—1900	27
IV.	INDIAN STUDENTS	40
V.	MUSIC	51
VI.	LOVE AND RELIGION	64
VII.	LIGHTS AND SHADES OF DAILY LIFE, 1901—1907	77
VIII.	RELATIONSHIPS: TO THE REVIVAL: TO FELLOW-WORKERS	92
IX.	GULBAI AND OTHERS, 1908—1914	107
X.	WIDE-REACHING INFLUENCE, 1914—1917	123
XI.	THE SADHU, 1917—1920	142
XII.	THE WAY, THE CROSS, AND THEN THE STAR, 1920—1923	163
	APPENDIX. LIST OF PUBLISHED WORKS.	185
	INDEX	187

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

		FACING PAGE
1.	A. MARY R. DOBSON . .	*Frontispiece*
2.	AUSTIN DOBSON AND MRS. AUSTIN DOBSON .	5
3.	MARY DOBSON, AS A CHILD . . .	12
4.	GROUP OF MEMBERS OF SETTLEMENT : MISSES DOBSON, DE SÉLINCOURT, BOYLAND, COOKE AND SAUNDERS	17
5.	THE UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT, KAMBALLA HILL, BOMBAY	32
6.	WILSON COLLEGE, BOMBAY . . .	37
7.	RUBY NAVALKAR	44
8.	ELPHINSTONE COLLEGE, BOMBAY . .	49
9.	GROUP : MISS A. M. R. DOBSON, MISS D. DOBSON AND MISS PICTON-TURBERVILL .	64
10.	GULBAI VAKIL	113
11.	A CORNER OF THE STUDENT HOSTEL . .	128
12.	SADHU SUNDAR SINGH	149
13.	BADRINATH, A SACRED PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE	156
14.	THE STUDENT HOSTEL RESIDENTS, 1919 .	161
15.	ON THE WAY TO MOUNT SINAI . . .	176
16.	GROUP : DR. RENDEL HARRIS AND OTHERS, ST. CATHERINE'S CONVENT . . .	180

FOREWORD

THE *Acta Sanctorum* is still far from its last page. Browning, in his *Death in the Desert,* makes one of his characters speculate on the expansiveness of the community of faith to which he has attached himself; he even goes so far as to imagine that there may be found

> "that day the world shall end
> *Hundreds of souls* each holding by Christ's word
> That He will grow incorporate with each:"

When another poet viewed the same problem from a later standpoint, he expressed himself in terms of a larger wonder. "Look!" said he,

> "Look! what a company of constellations!
> . . . . . .
> Are there so many purified thro' pain?"

The stars always outrun our arithmetic, and the more so as we add the telescope to direct vision and increase the magnification of the optic tube, until, like the Arabian sands, it hath dust of gold. "Are there so many," we ask, "made strong by patience, and maintained intense in affection, as well as purified by pain?" "Whom no man can number," says an earlier oracle than the imagined Pamphylax of Browning or the idealised St. Paul of Myers.

The following pages, to which I am allowed to write a kinsman's preface, are a fragment of the life of one brave and earnest worker for the Kingdom of God. The Mission field was her choice, the casting of the wide Gospel net in the wider world-sea was her opportunity, India was her allotment in which she worked, the

service was musical, and its record literary (for she came by inheritance of the jocund company of those that have the pens of ready writers, and she "relished versing," as George Herbert would say, on her own account).

I can hardly believe that it is only two years since she joined my caravan (with certain of her nearer friends) for a journey to Mount Sinai. She was expert in travel, as far as the Himalayas and the frontiers of Tibet, so it was an easy expedition for her in one aspect. I can still see her seated near me in the Convent Library, deciphering Arabic MSS. from that great storehouse, and signalling from time to time some point of interest; or outside the Convent walls ministering to the needs of a dying Arab, as though ten good Samaritans had been combined in one Christian body. She could be wilful, too, as well as willing; she would not come to the Church for a special exposition of the relics of St. Catherine, either because she had an aversion from undue regard of relics, or, more likely, because she knew, what I discovered for myself, that the relics in question were fictitious, as indeed relics are apt to be; and Mary Dobson had no special reserved chamber in which to keep agreeable fictions.

I must not, however, dwell on those days so charged, for me, with remembrances; it is not my part to write her life, and 'tis a cardinal sin, if the preface encroach on the book. Let the foreword make way for the word, and its tiny flower make introduction to the complete wreath of her remembrance.

J. RENDEL HARRIS.

NOTE

My thanks are due to the family and many friends of Mary Dobson who have so kindly lent me their letters and helped in every way to add their knowledge of her to mine, so as to complete the picture ; to Miss Muriel Silk for constant and generous co-operation in the practical work of the book ; to Mr. Alban Dobson and The Oxford University Press for *A Fairy Tale* by Austin Dobson ; to Mr. H. A. Macartney for permission to use the poem *Marching to Action*, which was published in *The Bookman ;* and to several friends for permission to use their photographs.

U. M. S.

Men sing of love and ecstasy
In ringing accents clear and fine,
But I would sing awhile of Thee,
O Love most wondrous, Love divine ;

The greatest Love, and Thou the one
By which all loves have glowed and burned ;
Alone, supreme, Thou art the sun
Toward which all lesser lights have turned.

Upon Thine ears creation's lays
And symphonies of heaven fall,
And yet my little feeble praise
Thou hearest sounding through them all ;

For Thou hast tuned my faltering heart
By purest joy, by bitterest pain,
And Thou wouldst hear, without my part,
An imperfection in each strain.

O Love, incarnate for my sake,
Through life's discord I am Thine own ;
The sweetest music I can make
Shall be for Thee and Thee alone.

A.M.R.D.

(*From " Songs of the Love Divine."*)

INTRODUCTION

In the memories of Mary Dobson's friends there will remain several clear-cut pictures.

Bombay, 1897.—A blinding sun and white, dusty roads. On each side are closed houses marked with many a painted red ring, betokening a death from plague. In a carriage driving towards the Arthur Road Plague Hospital sits erect a young, dark-haired, blue-eyed Englishwoman, only a few weeks in India, inwardly nervous perhaps lest her courage fail her as she faces the pain and distress of the wards, but trusting that love may carry its own message in spite of lack of an Indian language. A few hours later in that rough hospital of matting and bamboo, among Hindu men dying of bubonic plague, Mary Dobson gained her first glimpse of the sorrowful heart of India.

Kamballa Hill, Bombay, 1900.—The soft afternoon breeze blows through a large upstairs drawing-room. A little light furniture, a few good English pictures and a piano are there. Beautiful soft colours meet in the flowing *sāri* draperies of a group of Parsi ladies, who are attending the "At Home." Among their guests sit some of the English members of the University Settlement. A request for music, and Mary Dobson steps to the piano. Strong chords check the talk; there steals through the room and into the hearts of the

hearers some deep vibrating call of the Love Divine. The talk grows more intimate, hearts are softened, difficulties opened out and friendships deepened.

St. Catherine's Convent, Mount Sinai, 1923.—High up among the rocky fastnesses of Mount Horeb, in the great fortress-monastery at the head of the pass, is a Library full of interest to students of early Christian literature. The monk Librarian of the Greek Church keeps watch over the scholar visitors. There, seated at a desk, side by side with a great Syriac scholar, Mary Dobson is eagerly scanning the Arabic manuscripts which may throw some new light on the words of Christ, or bring to the waiting world some confirmation of the faith which early Eastern Christians suffered and died to preserve for the Church.

Ealing, *June*, 1923.—Summer sunshine and a garden. Under a tree, surrounded by books, sits Mary Dobson and there she welcomes her friend. The unfinished manuscript of her "Mount Sinai: A Modern Pilgrimage" is in her hands, and she talks of all the research it means to ensure accuracy in detail. The beauty of leaf and flower, the sound of birds' songs, pervade the place, and yet the talk turns on the haunting question of the valley of the shadow of death. Is this for her the entrance to the valley? If so, God's way is perfect. Is she to emerge into the sunshine? Then, perhaps, there may be another glad pilgrimage to find some treasure that shall make Christ better known. "God faileth not; all will be well." Two months later, the valley was passed through, the entrance to Life Eternal gained.

MARY DOBSON

CHAPTER I

LOOKING BACK. 1872—1896

MARY DOBSON in her fifty years of life was musician, author, missionary and adventurer.

What made her influence so wide-reaching? Was it her heritage of artistic talent, or her environment, or some inner power that laid hold of both? She inherited a double artistic talent; from her mother's side, the Beardmores, came her musical powers; from her father, Austin Dobson, the poetic and literary instinct. Deeper than all was the personality that she dedicated to the service of God.

Born in London on August 4th, 1872, at 10, Redcliffe Street, S.W., she was baptised by the name of Augusta Mary Rachel. Very soon, however, the Dobsons moved to Ealing, and 75, Eaton Rise became home to her for the whole of her life.

As the eldest daughter among ten children, Mary had all the delights and all the rubs that help to form character in a large family. Wit and anecdote and repartee made meal-times interesting. There was plenty of intellectual vigour too, for almost all the daughters as well as the sons took College degrees and emerged into professional life of some kind.

With her long plaits of dark hair, straight eyebrows over deep blue eyes, and small mouth in an oval-shaped face, Mary brought to mind a Sienese Madonna, though also just below her demure look lay that delightful power of humorous observation which so often in later days saved the situation when life was very tense.

A charming glimpse of her is given in these verses of her father's poem *A Fairy Tale*, though the reference to " blonde " seems a poetic liberty !

Curled in a maze of dolls and bricks,
I find Miss Mary, *ætat* six,
  Blonde, blue-eyed, frank, capricious,
Absorbed in her first fairy book,
From which she scarce can pause to look,
  Because it's " *so* delicious ! "

. . . . .

" Such marvels too. A wondrous Boat,
In which they cross a magic Moat,
  That's smooth as glass to row on—
A Cat that brings all kinds of things ;
And see, the Queen has angel wings—
  Then Ogre comes "—and so on.

What trash it is ! How sad to find
(Dear Moralist !) the childish mind,
  So active and so pliant,
Rejecting themes in which you mix
Fond truths with pleasing facts, to fix
  On tales of Dwarf and Giant !

. . . . .

That there's no giant now but Steam ;
That life, although " an empty dream,"
  Is scarce a " land of Fairy."
" Of course I said all this ? " Why, no ;
I *did* a thing far wiser, though,—
  I read the tale with Mary.

To be a daughter of Austin Dobson was to be brought into intimate contact with one who combined in very special degree the quaint and beautiful phantasies of a poetic mind and the ordered life and endless patience of a good artificer. Mary grew up in this atmosphere of steady literary work. Her own talent took quite another line from that of her father, but she always delighted in his poems, and in their high level of purity, both of thought and form.

Mary started her own literary life early, for in a childish letter she says, " I lost the prise (*sic*) for my story, but am going to try again " ; and a little later come references to an occasional poem. She was always an omnivorous reader, and having a tenacious memory, her conversation all through life carried reminiscences of the variety of books and poetry read or discussed.

Mary's development at home was not purely literary. Mrs. Dobson, with characteristic determination, had set herself to give her daughter a musical education, and she herself, an accomplished pianist, gave Mary almost all her technical training, and later shared with her the lessons in harmony and counterpoint at the Guildhall School of Music. Mrs. Dobson tells of her discovery of Mary's musical powers ; out walking together they heard on a street-organ a tune she liked so much that she came home determined to buy the music ; Mary, then about ten or eleven, protested that this was not necessary, and sitting down at the piano played the piece by ear.

Her mother's impress was religious as well as musical. She was a devoted member of the Evangelical wing of the Church of England, with its intense devotion to Christ, firm faith in an inspired Bible, and warm glow of

missionary zeal. This brought to Mary great gifts of personal spiritual life and of almost mystical experience, but also a strong Puritan tendency, including a strict observance of Sunday, and an element of fear lest many of the beautiful things of life might contain the seeds of evil, or be a temptation to others. All this was faithfully reproduced in her life, and it is an interesting study to see where it gave to her depth and spiritual power, and where at last she transcended certain of its limitations.

Another strong influence was her mother's love for the Jews, and her reiteration of " Pray for the peace of Jerusalem ; they shall prosper that love thee." The thought of the Holy Land and its people recurs again and again in Mary's correspondence, and it even helped to shape her life in its last years. Perhaps this concentration on Jewish life and observance may have been an unconscious cause of a certain literalness of interpretation of Biblical phrases, which sometimes made difficulties with a younger generation who spoke a different religious language. In her character loyalty was such a dominating feature that it kept her through life a close adherent to this early teaching, so that, even when altered conditions seemed to call for modifications, it cost her much to make them.

In that home life in Ealing, there must have been an unusual alternation of interests and convictions between the intensity of Reformation teaching and religious fervour in the mother, and the quiet, half-whimsical appreciations of Fielding and Hogarth from the father, while love drew together the divergent elements.

Mary attended school at the Princess Helena College, Ealing, where she became head-girl, gaining the Evelina scholarship twice. She was many-sided, and could well

MRS. AUSTIN DOBSON.

From Photo by J. Russell & Sons, London.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

From Photo by H. Walter Barnett, London.

have made her mark in literary or language subjects; indeed, at one time she hoped to go up to Oxford, but this plan was abandoned in favour of studying at home for a London musical degree. In the years of work among Bombay students this fact had some influence. On the one hand it gave her much sympathy with the non-residential College student, but it probably also accounted for a certain tendency to plan the life in the Student Hostel rather on home than on College lines.

For this degree, many of the ordinary subjects had to be taken before concentrating on music, and for these Mary prepared quietly at home, with scarcely any outside tuition. Do we say "quietly"? Quietness was apparently not always possible, for in a letter to a school friend she says: "My great temptation is that *no* sooner am I fixed on anything than up comes one of our numerous family: 'Please, Mary, help me with my Euclid or history.' I have been disturbed, well, I don't quite know *how* many times while I have been writing this, and each time the devil says, 'How provoking! You are a perfect martyr to those children!'"

Life in a big and noisy household of brothers and sisters, alternating with school hours among a large number of girls, might have destroyed that sense of inner solitude which is essential for the making of a poet and mystic. But Mary always maintained something of aloofness; she could join in family revels, she could take her place among her school-fellows, but neither life fully absorbed her, nor did she ever take much part in games.

Indeed, she took her responsibilities rather solemnly —for it is no easy task to stand for values which are not the average values of school life, and that was her

position. Already she had passed, as it were, from spiritual childhood to womanhood. It is possible that those who watched her from without would assert that the love of God was always a guiding principle, that she was naturally religious. But she herself gives glimpses of moments of crisis. In 1892 she writes :—

It is strange, but this morning I was going back in my mind to my fifteenth year, when we were all at the seaside together, and there were services on the beach for children. I remember how I hated it all, and then how one day I heard a young fellow speak who made it seem reality, and how I went again and again, and God's light began to shine into my heart.

In her later school days, two people greatly influenced her ; the Rev. (afterwards Canon) E. A. Stuart, and Agnes de Sélincourt, a charming, bright-eyed, dark-haired girl, rather French-looking, whom she met first at the Confirmation classes. To both Agnes and Mary, for many years, Canon Stuart was one of the greatest of teachers and friends, and his Bible teaching was constantly quoted in Mary's letters :—

He preached as usual on his beloved Joseph . . . and how we are always dreaming dreams and how none but Christ can interpret them rightly. . . . I am going to write a poem on it ; it is such a lovely idea, our " dreams all blurred and misty " and the " Master interpreter " !

Mary's whole heart was long before turned towards God ; there was no need in her life for a great moral change, so that the word " conversion " would be a misnomer for what had taken place, but it was now that she found the one supreme loyalty which unified all her thinking, and which helped her to sublimate all

other purposes and desires. It was a discipleship that at once fired her with longing to devote herself, body and soul, to bringing others to know Christ in all His beauty, and this became the passion of her life.

During her last year at school, she was constantly arranging meetings for girls, in which she was sometimes helped by Agnes de Sélincourt. They both stood out intellectually at their schools and were therefore respected, but nothing will prevent the shafts of sarcasm from many schoolgirls when one of their number tries to speak of Christ to them. Out of this arose one of Mary's lasting friendships. Jessie Henderson was then a boarder at the Princess Helena College. Being a year younger than Mary, she knew her only slightly, but seeing her coming in at the gate, her Bible under her arm, to take the class newly started, a desire to protect her prompted Jessie to go down and walk beside her. The petty persecution was soon past, but the sympathy between the two led to an interchange of constant letters on spiritual matters. From these we learn how many an hour Mary spent in intercession for all the girls she loved.

Was all this abnormal? If so, it was only the abnormality of one who, discovering in Christ Someone altogether lovely, had given herself as unreservedly to Him and His service as any knight of old gave himself to a liege-lord who had claimed his devotion.

(*July 17th*, 1892.)

I am just filled to-day with longing for Him. I wish we two could have been at the home in Bethany. How sweet it would have been to deck the house with flowers, to prepare a room for Him! How lovely the moment must have been when He was expected! We

would have run out, Jess, and strained our eyes till we caught sight of Him in the distance, and then run to meet Him and knelt together at His feet. How loving and kind He would have been! He would, I know, have called us His *dear* children.

Though these letters are very intense at times, there are also the delightful little touches that betray the same Mary that we knew later, combining religious fervour with delight in Nature, joy in friendship, and a power of seeing the amusing side of things; but this last trait was, according to her own account, rather in abeyance at this period.

Music is, of course, often mentioned. Her first composition seems to have been performed at the age of eighteen, as a cousin writes to congratulate her. The history, however, of another effort has its quaint side :—

(*October* 11*th*, 1893.)

A prize of £15 was offered for the best "Ode." Of course Mother wanted me to compete. I didn't feel a bit as if I could do it. What good was it to do anyone? And I didn't feel besides as if I should get it against all England. I think it seems utterly *frivolous* for me to be writing Odes when souls are dying. Well! Mother said she *desired* me to do it. I prayed about it; wasted one morning looking for words, at least a good time, and after disgusting (figurative) everyone by saying I didn't feel in the spirit of any of Papa's things, I finally wrote the words myself, and spent another morning putting them to music, at least starting off. You don't know what a difficult question such things are. I wanted to give people a *message* from God, though in a general sense an Ode should be amusing. And—finale —Mother says leave out the last verse, which was meant as the moral.

During 1890 travel began to give Mary a new range

of joys and interests. In Saxony she and her next sister Lissant stayed with the German lady who had been their governess. The letters are full of the contrasts with English life, and for a time the more religious interests are not in the foreground.

The next summer in Switzerland meant a paradise of beauty: meadows and flowers; mountains and snow. But this time Mary was alert to find out whether her Master had not some "work" for her to do; she made friends with one and another in the hotels, refused to promise silence about religion to a girl who desired friendship on those terms, got in touch with French-speaking working men, and with children whom she passed on the paths.

The outstanding event of 1892 was the Keswick Convention. A grateful little note to her father reveals the fact that his gift of £5 had made possible this visit to a great gathering, where some 7,000 people from many sections of the Church of Christ came together yearly in the Lake District for a week of devotional addresses and prayer. The meeting tents, the blue stretch of lake, the mountain background, burnt themselves in on Mary's memory. Her letters for years refer to the wonder of all she there learned of Christ.

I wish you were here in the flesh . . . then we would just sit down together and I would have so much to tell you; how much I have been learning of His love and tenderness. Keswick seems now almost like a dream, a bitter-sweet dream. Some of it was so heart-rending and dreadful; to see how half-hearted we had been! . . . We are all commanded to be "filled with the Spirit," and we all can have it if we only claim it, but if there's a bit of self in, there cannot be complete filling. It all seems to be summed up in one little

sentence of Mr. G.'s (he was speaking of how Martha limited Jesus), " O dear soul, cease to limit the limitless power of the limitless Jesus." And whenever Satan tempts me I just say to myself " the limitless power of the limitless Jesus " ; " my Lord Jesus Christ can do all things."

Mary Dobson had undoubtedly been sharing the experiences of great mystics, who discover the marvel of unseen power within reach, and with it gain a sense of buoyancy and heavenly freedom. She often echoed words sung by groups as they crossed the Derwentwater Lake :—

> Heaven above is brighter blue,
> Earth around is sweeter green,
> Something lives in every hue
> Christless eyes have never seen.

At first she seemed confident that this new power would be always consciously victorious in her, but gradually she learned, through pain that left its scars, that while still living on this earthly plane, God's new life within her must ever be at work gradually transforming the lower into the higher, not only in herself, but also in the great corporate life of the world around which needs redemption.

The next two or three years were a training in meeting the spiritual needs of women whose circumstances were far harder than those of any she had known before. A letter describes visits to London factories in 1892, while staying with a friend.

I have been here now over a month. Every Monday Anita [Weir] goes up to Clerkenwell to two large factories and takes the " hands " flowers, and we have hymns and a short address and prayer. We walk

through Clerkenwell till we get to a great high factory, then up several flights of stairs into a long light room with tables and frames where dozens of girls and women are sitting sewing. When we come in they all gather round us, as it is their dinner-hour. Yesterday Anita asked me if I had a message for them and I just gave them " Look unto Me and be ye saved," Is. 45, 22, and told them a story. Afterwards I saw one poor woman with her eyes fixed on us as we sang, crying softly to herself. So when the bell rang I just went over to her as she worked, and said, " I have a special message for you from God, ' Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' " She thanked me ; God grant her rest ! I heard afterwards that she was a hopeless sort of character who had always been dead against the dinner-hour meetings before.

Mary's first plunge into social purity problems was in 1894, while living with a cousin in Bath, where for four months she threw herself wholeheartedly into rescue work. One who was with her there, though older in years, was impressed with the matureness of her spiritual life. " She almost seemed to be living in Heaven while her body was on earth." And yet in more ordinary things she was a mere child, so that the head of the Mission used often to say of these girls, " You two should be shaken up in a sack together," so that the one might learn spirituality, and the other common sense.

The summer of 1895 gave the whole Dobson family a holiday in France. Writing from Boulogne to Lissant, Mary enumerates the coming of the family : " Dorothy, Milly and I came on first with Uncle Harry and Aunt F. We found a lovely house awaiting us and settled down at once. Uncle Harry kept us all laughing perpetually. The Thursday after, Papa,

Mamma, and Daisy arrived. The next detachment was Cyril and Beetie from the Camp. (I forgot, Clement came a few days after we did.) So here we all are except you and Arthur." (Evidently the youngest of the family, Alban, was for the moment forgotten.)

This is a beautiful house and right at the top are attics ; I have got one of them to work in ; I sit on the floor on cushions and go on with my Cantata which gets on very slowly. I have good times in my attic, alone with Jesus, with a little window up above, through which I can see His sky.

The Sunday after we arrived a tremendous fair began close by. It is like Vanity Fair ; booths—stalls—shows—and horrors of all sorts. Mother and I went up and have given testaments and tracts to nearly every stall ; once we were pursued by a *gendarme,* who wanted to know what the " petits livres " were, Madame was giving away. We presented him with one, assuring him it was nothing *political.* To-day we went out to a little place called Wimereux. On the way was a hill and on it marked in great white stones " Gloire à Jésus Christ." It was the remains of a pilgrimage, but looked lovely. Glory to Jesus ten thousand times !

A year later Brittany was the scene of the family migration, and among the interests noted was the visit of Pasteur Monod from Paris. " He is extraordinarily clever and Papa has enjoyed his company. He wrote in English (though a Frenchman) that famous hymn, ' Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow.' "

The same letter speaks of interviews ahead about missionary work, for gradually Mary's sense of missionary vocation had grown persistent. It had begun in childhood, according to her own account.

As far as I remember, the first information I ever

MARY DOBSON, AS A CHILD.

gained regarding missions was gathered from a book called *Far Off*, from which extracts were read to us as children on Sundays and other great days. The very fact that the book spoke to us of what was far off added to its charm, and we revelled in a sort of phantasy in which moved Chinamen with long pig-tails, Hindus and hooded cobras, heroic converts, who went through fire and water for the faith, and missionaries robed in strange attire, which in the case of the men seemed to culminate in a gigantic hat to shade them from the sun, and in the case of the women approached more nearly to the costume of Mrs. Noah of our childish Noah's Arks, than anything else I have ever conceived. From the days when *Far Off* was read to us and the needs of the lands impressed upon us, the desire to serve God as His missionary grew strong within me.

Mrs. Dobson had been an ardent worker for missions, and, unlike most mothers, the missionary career was her highest ideal for son or daughter, so one obstacle Mary never had to meet was that of home opposition, and from 1892 letters to Jessie Henderson mention the possibility of going abroad.

Yes, I would start to-morrow if I had a distinct call; at the present moment I am just living from second to second, waiting, *longing*, to know what He would have me do, and "simply trusting." Oh! it is an honour to be allowed to work and suffer for Him. A thought has just come into my mind. Will you join with me in prayer next Wednesday night? We can pray for each other, but specially will you pray that our Jesus will guide me clearly and distinctly as to this matter? I feel as if it were the greatest decision of my life, and I want to do *exactly* what He wants me to.

The final decision once made, the next problem was whether to go out at once or to remain longer in England, so as to finish preparing for the Bachelor of

Music examination. The idea of sacrifice was always so prominent, that Mary almost rushed to the extreme of thinking that music must be looked upon as a temptation and abjured. Fortunately, obedience to her parents in all matters not touching a principle was such an outstanding characteristic that her mother's desire that she should work for her musical degree ultimately won the day, and in the end probably shaped her career as a leader in India and in the University Settlement, rather than elsewhere.

This decision to go abroad, but to postpone it till after graduating in music, brought Mary into lasting contact with the Student Christian Movement. While working for her degree at London University, she kept in close touch with Agnes de Sélincourt, now at Cambridge, sharing with her by prayer, and occasionally by personal help, the new adventure of what was then called the British College Christian Union.

In England it had been begun by the " Cambridge Seven," a group of 'Varsity men, mostly " blues " and renowned in the athletic world, who amazed their friends by suddenly declaring their resolve to go abroad as missionaries. Among them was the well-known cricketer, C. T. Studd, who afterwards went to China. This group of men quickly began to make a stir in College circles, and that not in England only, for there was response in America, where the enthusiasm had begun even earlier, in 1886. There, at a Conference at Mt. Hermon, Massachusetts, called by Moody, the evangelist, a number of young College men, among them Robert P. Wilder and John R. Mott, enrolled themselves as " Student Volunteers " for the mission field.

It was this Student Volunteer Missionary Union

which gave birth to and became a part of the more widely-embracing Christian Union work in the Colleges. Though it was among the men that the Movement began, the women's Colleges were also soon reached. Agnes de Sélincourt, as an undergraduate at Girton, and Ruth Rouse, her great friend there, were quickly drawn into the magic fellowship and became its leaders, though often in the face of opposition and misunderstanding. Mary stood quietly behind them, but did not actually become a "Volunteer."

The numbers grew rapidly. By 1895 already 1,038 (832 men and 206 women) had signed the Student Volunteer "declaration of purpose," and they were not the weaker men and women, nor the sentimental idealists, nor the "cranks" that some tried to prove them to be; among them were many outstanding in intellect, men who soon had to do battle and prove that their dreams were inspired from on High.

In 1896, there came to Mary an opportunity of being present at an international student gathering. On New Year's Day she and I travelled together to Liverpool, where the first of the quadrennial Conferences of the S.V.M.U. was held. Then followed a week never to be forgotten. Twenty-four nationalities were represented among the seven hundred students present. There was a delightful unconventionality about that Conference. The Chairman, Donald Fraser, and all in command were quite young, and they seemed full of an inner zeal which made them grasp at hard tasks with joy.

New phases of missionary work were in the air. One afternoon a meeting was held to make known for the first time the "Missionary Settlement for University Women." Its origin lay in the growing interest in

educational Settlements, such as Toynbee Hall in East London. Women's Colleges in England in 1896 were still few, but some of their graduates were already sharing life with those educationally less privileged. Inspired by this, Agnes de Sélincourt and others believed that the imagination of College women might also be kindled for a mission of friendship to women further afield than England. Why not a Settlement in some country where life could be shared with those desirous of education, but handicapped by their lack of a Christian inheritance ?

As a result, the Missionary Settlement for University Women as an interdenominational Mission had been launched, with the Rev. E. A. Stuart as Chairman, and the first two workers, the Misses Stones,* had arrived in Bombay, where the Parsi community and the women students offered a special field of work. More offers of service were needed.

Mary was never an impulsive woman, for she waited to seek in prayer the confirmation of her plans. So it was not till some time after the Liverpool Conference that she offered to the Settlement Committee, and that her name was added to those accepted. These included : Agnes de Sélincourt (Girton), May Cooke (Newnham), Helen Boyland (Alexandra College, Dublin), and Una Saunders (Somerville, Oxford). Three of these four started for Bombay that autumn, but May Cooke was sent to S. Africa to visit the Colleges, and followed a year later.

Having been accepted, Mary was invited to the Student Conference, but she writes :—

Agnes was so keen I should go to the Keswick

* Invalided home in the autumn of 1896.

Photo by S. N. Bhedwar, Bombay.

H. E. BOYLAND. L. M. COOKE.

Students' Conference this year to meet all the students, as I was going to Bombay ; but first, expense kept me back, and then, I knew so well the temptation to pose as a heroine ; you see, this Bombay Settlement is the fashion just now, and everyone is interested in it."

It was impossible for Mary to sail with the others in November, as one part of her musical examination had to be presented again in December, so those were busy months, and her letters are as nearly breathless as it was possible for her to be, for she was wonderfully orderly in her mind and life, and besides, she always had a conviction that " Christ was never in a rush " and that our lives must be modelled on the same line.

By the beginning of 1897 the last barrier had been cleared away ; Mary had passed her Bachelor of Music examination, only the second woman in England to do so, and without waiting actually to receive her degree in person, she sailed for Bombay.

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS IN INDIA

It was a plague-stricken Bombay that greeted Mary Dobson in February, 1897. She was sent on therefore to join the three members of the Settlement, for language study, at a little hill station, Matheran. The stay there was soon cut short, as a letter to Jessie Henderson shows, but some important links had been made, one being with Miss Manockji Cursetji, a leader in Parsi educational matters, though not in sympathy with our aim.

Matheran is full of Parsis; they have all fled here from the plague, and we are getting to know them; do pray that we may speak straight to them of God's love. The women look so lovely in their bright silk *sāris*, and nearly all speak English. We are all busy over different dialects; Una and I have a very amusing *munshi* for Gujarati; he comes in his eastern dress and *salaams* and gives us our lesson on the verandah. We are quite hardened already to lizards, squirrels, etc., which are about, in, or on our bungalow; even the wild monkeys in the jungle I am getting used to. . . . We are all waiting for a telegram from home granting us each the leave of our home-people and the Committee, to go and nurse the plague cases in Bombay. Everyone is so frightened that they cannot get ward-boys even, and the poor nurses are worked to death. We felt humbugs, saying to the Parsis here that we were not afraid of death, and yet not going when we knew that people

were dying by scores in the hospital for want of the smallest attention.

Leave was granted, and we took a short preliminary training, but Mary alone was passed as medically fit; for some weeks she nursed in the Arthur Road Hospital under the All Saints' Sisters, with another Bombay missionary, Miss Edge, and with two priests of the Cowley Mission and the Oxford Mission to Calcutta undertaking night duty. She owned to Jessie Henderson how fearful at first she felt lest she should catch plague or, still worse, faint or cry out at looking at the operations on the buboes, which had to be performed without anæsthetics.

When I didn't feel inclined to cry, I felt often as if I must shake with laughter. We had to put on a great many ice-bags one night, and when they were all on, they looked just like Highland chiefs with tam-o-shanters on; and I never shall forget one day, when we had an awfully touching death-scene, and while our backs were turned, a poor paralysed and half blind man, who we scarcely thought could turn over in bed, disappeared. He was found not far from the ward, but how we laughed! The great difficulty was to keep them from running off in their delirium; you see it was only to slip off their bed and out of one of the numerous doors into the compound. . . . I had my Easter in hospital; it was a strange one, but Jesus in His risen power revealed Himself to me.

Following this came a needed holiday, with Gujarati study filling some hours each day. Panchgani, not far from Poona, is a hill-station frequented by many Parsis, and there Mary deepened her friendship with the Sorabji family, that remarkable group of Christian Parsi women well-known in professional life in India

and England. One of them writes :—" We Indians—Christian and non-Christian—were deeply impressed at the thought of a highly gifted woman, like Mary Dobson, giving up her home and family and a great career in England, and coming out to India to lay all these gifts at the feet of Christ for His service. Non-Christians naturally argued ' There must be something fine in a religion that produces such self-sacrifice.' University men had come out to India, before 1896, in all the Missionary Societies, and had made a great impression wherever they worked, but not, so far as I know, a band of University *women* with only one object in view. Mary's devotion to duty and her untiring zeal, energy and service in many directions was quite wonderful—even in a land where missionaries have done such valiant service. I remember well, on a beautiful evening, Mary and I were together looking at one of those glorious sunsets we get on the Western Ghats. We did not speak much, but in turning away to come home, Mary said ' On just such a night our Lord may come ! ' It was the intense quiet conviction with which she said this that struck me. I felt she was living daily in the expectation of His return."

These holiday times together gave us a deepened insight into Mary's character, her absolute reality, her intensity of convictions, which sometimes made it so difficult for those brought up in another school of thought, her unselfishness and lovableness, which softened down the harder corners of conflicting opinions, and, above all, her longing for a life of unbroken communion with God.

Music was already linking her to new friends. Out of an old " baby-organ " she could bring wonderful

tones, and many happy hours with our musical neighbours were spent in impromptu duets on two such instruments, or with the auto-harp brought into requisition to accompany songs.

As cosmopolitan Bombay was not an easy place in which to concentrate on the study of Gujarati, we spent the next few months in Ahmedabad, where expert help could be obtained from Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission. Language examinations were no bugbear to Mary, who enjoyed study and realised the insight gained by a real mastery of the thought of a people, as shown in its proverbs and literature. Mrs. Taylor described her as a magnificent student, keen and essentially accurate, and she was struck years later by the way she had kept up her language study, even though English so often sufficed for intercourse with Parsis.

While in Ahmedabad, an important decision had to be made. Two leading Parsi educationists from Bombay called to ask us to teach in their High Schools. The opportunity was wonderful, but Mary could not agree to be silent as to her faith, and this proved an impassable barrier to such co-operation.

. . . . .

November, 1897, ushered in the beginning of Mary Dobson's twenty-three years' work in Bombay itself, years which carried the Settlement through its days of unknown-ness, till it became an integral and much appreciated part of the Mission community. At first the four Settlers gathered together to initiate the mission, but Agnes de Sélincourt's stay was a short one, as already her months of Urdu study in the Punjab had revealed possibilities of work among students and

other educated women in the northern provinces, for the sake of which she soon returned, and this time permanently, to North India. Some months later May Cooke's arrival filled the vacant place.

Modern Bombay is very different from the city as Mary knew it first. Landing at the old Apollo Bunder a few minutes' drive past imposing buildings of European style brought us to narrow native streets with no pavements, where the walkers were scattered all over the road. The drivers of carriages, tramcars and bullock-waggons could only evade constant accidents by shouting, but even their stentorian voices failed often to reach ears hidden under the folds of a turban. After bazaar streets came large villas standing in their own gardens or " compounds," with names of owners painted on boards at the gates ; the Parsi names grew more frequent, for Kamballa Hill was the quarter where the wealthier Parsis lived.

Here stood a large house, the upper story of which was for many years the University Settlement headquarters. From its roof we looked over open ground and palm trees till we caught a glimpse of the sea to the westward, and only a little to the left were the great " Towers of Silence," where Parsis lay their dead to be consumed by the vultures rather than allow the sacred earth to be defiled by contact with a dead body.

With Mary's strong bent towards simplicity of life, there were moments of inward protest against the apparent grandeur of the new home. But it was convenient for making friends among the educated Parsi girls, and well situated for fresh air, though the damp hot breezes of Bombay were never invigorating.

It is not many young missionaries in a big city who

are as free to control their own lives as were we, with no senior Settlers to keep us in order. As adviser, we had the Rev. W. G. Peel (of the C.M.S.), afterwards Bishop of Mombasa, acting as Chairman of our Committee. Many educational missionaries of other Societies helped us also quietly, especially those of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, and the Wilson College staff.

The result was undoubtedly a fascinating experience in which grave and gay were quaintly interwoven; fortunately none of the terrible things foretold by older workers ensued; we did *not* marry; we did not do more than the usual number of unwise things of which "griffins" (new-comers) in India are always accused; we were deceived occasionally by our servants and by would-be converts, but only generally after having taken the advice of the wise and prudent, who saw no farther than we did! Experience must be learnt in a hard school.

The days of steady work were enlivened by moments when some ordinary happening became an occasion of endless merriment, and meal-times never failed to be interesting, because of Mary's inherited power of telling good anecdotes, for though she often seemed austere, beneath the surface of her apparently most solemn moments there bubbled a fund of mirth, which made her a delightful companion, though occasionally an embarrassing one, when it was essential to preserve a grave face.

During these preparatory months in India, Mary had been discovering the opportunities among educated women that were likely to be hers. The younger generation of Parsis were keenly interested in knowing

more of English life, its womenfolk, its music and sometimes of its religion ; many of them after leaving school wanted to continue some special subject ; others were preparing for a College education, for though at the end of the last century it was still considered eccentric for a Parsi woman over twenty to be unmarried, yet already some had braved opposition and become teachers and doctors.

With the Hindu community too there were likely to be many links ; not so much with the really orthodox, where it was still almost unheard-of that girls should be kept unmarried long enough to receive any thorough education ; but among the members of the reformed societies, such as the *Prārthana Samāj*, girls were well educated, with minds alert to drink in advanced ideas that often shocked their elders. Home life also was so modified among the Bombay *Samāj* followers, that it approximated much more to European ways and made a bond of real sympathy between women from English Universities and these Hindu seekers after truth. A few Mohammedan families in high position also were pioneers in women's education and had to suffer the resultant loneliness and misunderstanding. They too might welcome friendships with women who could tell them more of the wider world in which their co-religionists were not yet interested.

At times Mary felt it strange that God should call her to this task among the comparatively well-to-do and cultured groups in Bombay, when in that city of a million inhabitants there were still hundreds of thousands, ignorant and superstitious, far more obviously needing her help. Yet in the advance guard of educated women lay potentialities beyond measure for India's

development, for the illiterate masses would some day come under the influence of Indian doctors and teachers.

Into the midst of this city then, with its ferment of new ideas and education, came this young College woman, with her amazing power of forming personal friendships, friendships which often howevers eemed likely to be wrecked by her equally amazing enthusiasm for Christian evangelism, but, as events proved, the utter devotion of her life drew towards her the more idealistic of her non-Christian friends, so that any resentment generally gave place to respect, sometimes to real admiration.

As Mary Dobson was true through and through, this constant inward urge to make known the possibilities of a Christ-centred life was not confined to her Indian friends. Christianity was to her so glowing that she could never be content with the colourless lives of so many of the ordinary Church members among her own compatriots. As she wrote : " God never meant the dead-level life which Christians live, but *living* union and power." Bombay, therefore, with its many English families, gave her constant chances of service, and from among these friends she often gained voluntary helpers for the Settlement social work, girls who, from inability to speak any Indian language, could never share in most mission work, but who enjoyed meeting Indian ladies in the Settlement.

One of these Englishwomen, daughter of a leading Judge in Bombay, writes : " I loved her, for she was so *human*, so full of ardent artistic desires, and yet so horribly good. I always tried to make her naughty, as children say, but I *never* succeeded ! She will always remain to me as a pure and shining light. My remem-

brances of the little Settlement are very distinct to me, because it was my first and last taste of what missionary life meant. I went to India as a girl, who went out to have a good time in her father's house, when suddenly I came up against all these other girls, fired by a most extraordinary zeal; this life seemed nothing, the next life all—and yet as jolly and merry and natural and bright as any other girls I have ever met. It was wonderful and quite inexplicable to frivolous worldly me. But the self-denial of all luxuries, and even, as I considered, necessities, such as punkahs and ice in that hot climate, has made me always vigorously defend any missionaries from the charge of feathering their own nests."

Mary's desire for simplicity of life was expressed also in her Quaker-like garb, and it was no easy task to help her to buy a "Christian" dress, quiet and inexpensive and serviceable. When we complained of the dullness of this style of dress for ourselves, she usually consoled us with the promise of golden girdles and rainbow colours in heaven!

A letter to her sister Lissant shows her standard of values:—

Out here you get to feel how necessary it is to be full of love; love appeals to every one; I've seen the shabbiest, funniest old missionaries loved and revered, because they were so overflowing with love to everyone, and I pray more and more for a sympathy that is not forced. . . .

That prayer was most undoubtedly answered.

CHAPTER III

MAKING FRIENDS. 1897–1900

Our first problem was to make the new mission known and to get into contact with the many girls around. Matheran and Ahmedabad had introduced us to Parsi families, whose real homes were in Bombay, so visits could be paid to them. Wanting to enlarge our acquaintance, however, we one day summoned our courage and sent in our cards at every Parsi house we passed. But nowhere could we then gain entrance. The next attempt was the printing of a prospectus, showing the variety of subjects, from mathematics to music, which we were prepared to teach. These we personally delivered at all the big houses round Kamballa Hill, and when we met at home, many were the ridiculous episodes related. In one case Mary had been waved away in lordly manner by the head of the house, being probably mistaken for a poor European beggar, as so few Englishwomen walked instead of driving. Several times the servants refused to accept our notes. Mary always managed to " give thanks " even for such repulses, but the humorous side of it did not fail to strike her.

Gradually the first pupils ventured to come. A Parsi girl, who wanted English literature lessons, was the result, after all, of one of our chance calls. Former pupils of mission schools wished to continue their

French or English or music. But as our aim became known, a newspaper article warned parents against us, and the more orthodox Parsis took fright, for many bitterly resented the thought that any should leave the Zoroastrian fold. Two old ladies instructed their servant never to admit us, because, they said, "all our lives we have been respectable, and now these ladies want us to become Christians."

To become an avowed Christian meant social ostracism. Even to study Christianity was to court suspicion. Many were the requests from would-be pupils that the Bible-teaching might be omitted, but Mary's courage and conviction were strong elements in maintaining that rule for many years, as she felt that to be content with a Christian "atmosphere" alone would increase the difficulty of ever breaking the ice and speaking of Christ at all.

Only a little group of five Parsi men ventured to attend our first advertised lecture by Agnes de Sélincourt on "Ruskin's ideal of women"; four Parsi ladies however appeared at the next one; and from the beginning of the series of musical At Homes, Parsi and English friends alike formed sympathetic audiences. Gradually our circle of friends enlarged, as those interested in modern life, in books or music, in ethics or religion, gathered round us. Visiting was a constant feature and old ladies were delighted to find that we not only talked English with the up-to-date granddaughter, but could say a few friendly words in Gujarati to the older generation.

Mary soon met among the Parsis an admirer of Austin Dobson, and one of her rare letters to her father is the result.

(*December* 11*th*, 1897.)

I think you will like to hear about a Parsi who came here to-day. . . . He began enthusiastically about you and how you were the first English poet he had read. He told me how glad they were to welcome your daughter among them. I couldn't help answering that I didn't think all would be so glad when they realised *why* she had come, and then asked him his attitude to Christianity. He told me that he went very far towards it, that he would even say Christ was God, as the Holiest of men must have had a spark of the Divine in Him, and that sentence showed me just how far he *did* go. And then he told me a great deal of his inner life, of his struggles for rest, and that he had come to the conclusion it depended on temperament, which of course I assured him it *didn't*. He seemed to envy Christians their deep rest, and told me that he had dabbled in philosophy which had not led him nearer the goal. He said he had been reading Cardinal Newman's life and had been deeply touched at the description of the rest he had found after joining the Roman Catholic Church. Then he assured me that his race were not of the stuff martyrs were made of, while I tried to assure him God could *make* them so (this was *à propos* of the difficulties of coming out for Christ and the bitter persecution Parsis have to endure). . . .

Our acquaintance soon spread among all classes, including those living in tenement blocks or *chawls*, to whom Mary's singing often gained us an entrance.

I wish you could all accompany me one day to my *chawl*, or at least the first one I ever really got into. It is down a very dirty narrow lane in the heart of the city, with rubbish, crying children and chickens and goats all over the road. The house is filthy looking and very dark. On this particular day it was very *very* hot and in the garrets they had been cooking, so that the smell was beyond everything. My audience con-

sisted of four generations, an old woman, her daughter, her daughter's daughter, several children and a girl of about fourteen, who is a relation, I think. The " mother of them all " is a shrivelled little woman with no teeth and strong ideas of her own, her daughter rather a handsome woman who does not look much older than *her* daughter, who is a most sweet-looking woman. And the daughter's daughter's daughter is the daintiest of little Parsi girls. She and the " relation " have a hymn-book I gave them, and it would do your hearts good to see them singing with all their mights " There is a happy land," while the three generations above them look on approvingly. Once they sang wrong and the " mother of them all " was so angry because they burst out laughing, and she said it was no time to laugh. My throat had given out, so I made them sing alone, and the result was very funny. Then it was that their sense of the humorous overcame the gravity of the situation, and drew down the wrath of the first generation.

By the second year a new venture, a small Kindergarten, was opened in our flat. It was Helen Boyland's responsibility, but as the children were English, Hindu and Parsi, Mary undertook the Bible teaching in Gujarati of the little Parsi mites. Years later the hymns and carols (many of the latter Mary's own composition) were often re-sung when the Settlement gathered its child-friends together for a real Christmas tree. The story of Christ, told in song, under the title " Angel's Christmas," attracted an audience that first year of sixty non-Christian friends, and such gatherings became annual festivities for grown-ups as much as children. Christmas also took Mary again among old friends in Hospital, for her weeks of nursing had given her ready access there, and at special seasons she would go, laden

with magazines and chocolates for the nurses, and fruit for the ward-boys.

The same sympathy which made her a welcome visitor in hospital, brought her constant calls. At Matheran an Englishman and his wife lost their little child. She sought them out, and went with the mother on her first visit to the tiny grave. At Panchgani an English girl, distraught with her mother's death from cholera, was brought to our bungalow; while we all shared the care of her there, it was Mary who most patiently kept in touch with her later.

No service seemed to her too unpleasant to render to someone in need, though she naturally shrank from everything dirty or unsavoury. To her mother she recounts one later incident :—

. . . I had a most exciting time in one of my *chawls* last week. I was giving an address on the ground-floor with the door wide open, and had just been telling them how the high-caste man left the low-caste man to die on the road, because he would not help him, and how the Christian religion taught us to love one another, when suddenly a poor negro fell down flat in a fainting fit before the door, and not *one* of the women would give him water to drink out of their vessels; mercifully I had with me a big pot I had just bought, and out of the cover I was able to give him some water to drink. A Mohammedan woman came out of a house opposite and helped me lift his head, and give him water, and then a crowd collected, and finally I took him to the Hospital in a hired carriage while two Mohammedans held him in. I was so touched at the Hospital door by these two men. They were waiting for the stretcher to come, and came forward to speak to me, saying that they thanked me with all their hearts, for that if I had not given the poor man water, he would assuredly have died on the

road. I think the *chawl* women felt rather ashamed of themselves.

Perhaps the secret of Mary's real joy in all kinds of lowly service was that her phantasy clothed each daily experience with the beauty of a chivalrous quest ; she saw in it one step in pursuit of the vision of the Holy Grail. For as the Knights of the Round Table rejoiced in each hard task granted them by King Arthur, so Mary had enrolled herself among the followers of a yet greater King. This was the romance of her life. It was inevitable that pain and wounds should be received in such warfare. Only through spiritual struggle, also, could a knight of Christ's keep free to follow the Holy Grail, for lures of all kinds would seek to draw him from the path and to dim the purity without which he could not see God. Sometimes the lures she feared were those of " the world," as she would term the various interests of social life. Sometimes they lay rather in the mental sphere, for the intellectual perplexities of her Parsi friends often involved her in struggles of which they were little aware.

(*To U.M.S. in* 1901.)

As you know, I've been through fires, but I believe it makes one stronger in the end. Yes ! I will acknowledge it to you ; I had a very bad time lately over the P's anti-Christian books and the Higher Criticism, but I am through all right. No one knows the real agony it sometimes costs me to wrestle through these things with unbelieving souls. I say all this because I'm glad you tell me that you have storms of doubt. To me the one consolation in any temptation is that I know it will be over soon, and that I shall see the Face of Jesus clearer and brighter after the storm, and with that in one's mind one can sing in tribulation.

THE MISSIONARY SETTLEMENT FOR UNIVERSITY WOMEN (UPPER FLAT), KAMBALLA HILL, BOMBAY.

These difficulties, the greater because Mary had had no preparatory " training " in theology and the comparative study of religion, made her lay stress on such training of young Settlers, that they might be able to combat the alternatives offered to Christianity (theosophy, etc.), having already confronted some of them before arriving in India.

To gain an idea of another type of obstacle to be faced, it is only necessary to picture a street of large houses, such as Park Lane in London, and the problem of turning afternoon calls, musical At Homes and other social functions into an opportunity for talking, not of superficial matters, but of spiritual questions. Sometimes long hours of apparently futile conversation ensued ; occasionally, on the other hand, a shy enquiry would open up the way for Mary to speak of the Friend to whom she always wanted to introduce her other friends. Prayer alone could bring such openings. So generally those two of us, the Gujarati-speaking ones, who did so much of the Parsi visiting together, met before starting out, to ask that the Holy Spirit would speak through words which otherwise might pass unheeded.

This fellowship in the Gujarati-speaking work was ended early in 1899 by the medical fiat that banished me from India permanently. The weekly correspondence between Mary and myself for the next twenty-five years has laid the foundation of this book, and the letters quoted, unless otherwise attributed, are written to me. Meanwhile, as May Cooke and Helen Boyland were both learning Marathi, for work among Hindus, and so were able to help with the Gujarati-speaking pupils, Mary Dobson was left to face a loneliness in

work which, to her nature, meant deep pain. The first two years in India had had their sorrows, of course, following the pain of being parted from home, but her intense interest in the new work and the making of fresh friendships in India had shed a happy light over the few dark hours. Now, for a time, partings and difficulties seemed to overshadow her one after another, with the result that sleeplessness and depression assailed her.

But also we hear more of writing poetry, as an outcome of each experience, " a comfort and a safety-valve " ; for instance, writing after a journey to the hills :—

It was lovely moonlight and we none of us slept. I was praying that Christ would help me to look to Him in the loneliness. Then some thoughts came rushing into my mind and greatly comforted me :—

A Song in a Dark Night

I love Thee most when thou dost chide,
I bless Thee most when Thou dost smite,
And in the dark to feel Thy hand
Is far more glorious than the light.

For all the pain that Thou dost give
Thy heart of love dost doubly feel ;
I know Thou smitest but to bless,
I know Thou woundest but to heal.

And e'en the chastening blessed grows,
For in the future faith can see
The deeper knowledge of Thy grace,
The " fruits of righteousness " to be.

And so the wounds and bitter smart
But draw me closer to Thy side ;
I bless Thee most when Thou dost smite,
I love Thee most when Thou dost chide.

Not until December, 1899, was the Settlement reinforced by the arrival of Ruth Rouse. She too began to learn Gujarati, but as a former Student Movement Secretary her help was soon claimed for women students all over India, so that Mary and her old friend were seldom together in Bombay.

Then early in 1900 the Settlement lost a trusted co-worker, Colonel Freeman ; when his years in the army in India were over, his interest in missions brought him back to Bombay as an honorary member of the Church Missionary Society's staff for Parsi work. He and his daughter May (now Lady Procter) were on the quay to welcome us to India, and through them we gained many an entrance into a Parsi house. He was a great lover of poetry, always expecting us to recognise the verses he quoted. As a rule Mary could satisfy him, but some of us were so constantly out of our depths that at last in desperation, and with Mary's help, we composed a beautiful verse which we quoted to him ; he was very chagrined to think he did not know the lines and for a time we actually were able to take a superior position—but the joke was too good to be kept secret very long. His death early in 1900 meant the loss of a very courteous and faithful friend, and of one respected by many Parsis.

About the same time Mary was passing through a time of prolonged anxiety over a Parsi girl, who professed to wish for baptism, and came to live in the Settlement ; she was finally baptized, then dis-

appeared. In the end it proved to have been a sad and unsatisfactory case.

This year had had however its time of relaxation, for Mary had had leave from the Home Committee to visit her eldest brother Clement, then working in the China Inland Mission.

(*S.S. "Bengal," March 16th,* 1900.)

I sit on board and meditate and moon a good deal. Isn't it strange that at sea I feel most unmusical always? I feel no inclination to hear or make music; perhaps the noise of the water is music enough in itself. I was thinking of God's voice "as the sound of many waters."

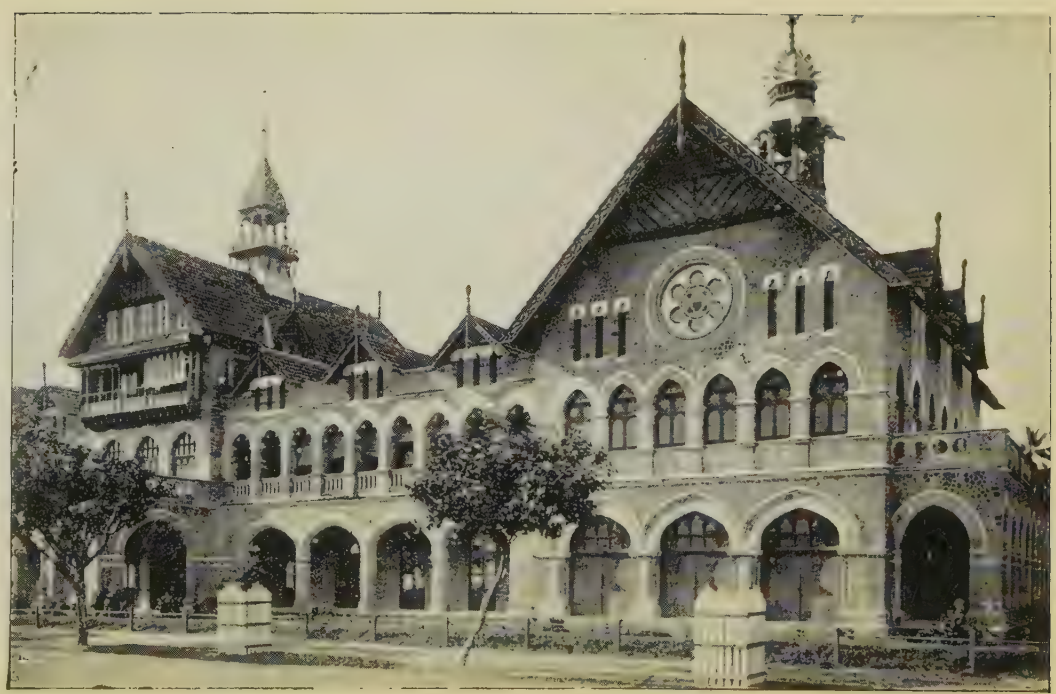
(*Chefoo, April 10th,* 1900.)

. . . The missionaries out here shame me. The way they live and the little they live on. It gives me a severe feeling towards the Settlement again, when one sees some of these good simple people; you only notice their likeness to Christ and their humility. I am so happy with Clement; we talk out theological questions by the yard; I play for him to sing; and we have such laughs together. I feel somehow in such a healthy atmosphere with him after some of what I have gone through in India.

(*April 17th.*)

. . . Clement says I have grown into a woman since he last saw me four years ago. Did you notice the gradual transformation? The fact is he knew me in my sombre days of repression, although in one way I never could be repressed to him. . . .

The housekeeper here makes them beautiful layer cakes and sweets, and I tell her I shall have to keep silent on many points to the Bombay missionaries whom I hoped to impress with the hard life of the China missionaries!



WILSON COLLEGE, BOMBAY.

(*S.S. "Chusan," May 12th,* 1900.)

And now, while I remember, I had better tell you one thing, only *spare* me and don't crow over me or show unholy joy! After years of struggling to know God's will on the subject, and abstaining from simple remedies often which I knew would do me good, I have come to the conclusion that with prayer and faith one should use remedies. It is a good thing to wait until God shows you a thing plainly. It is no use acting before.

Immediately on Mary's return from China came the culminating strain and sorrow of the illness and death of Helen Boyland, our Irish Settler. The music of Mary's song *Till the Shadows Flee* was one of the last things played to Helen, and the words for this cradle song were written just after she died in August, 1900.

Little did Mary Dobson think at this time that within a few months she would be refreshed by welcoming one of her sisters to India, but when Helen Boyland's death left two Settlers alone to cope with all the work in Bombay, Dorothy Dobson, an M.A. of St. Andrew's University, came out, first for a six months' visit, later for two years.

(*November 24th,* 1900.)

I wish I could tell you how splendidly our plan has worked. Dorothy seems to have grasped the whole situation so thoroughly, and to like the Parsis so much. We revel in playing together, composing together and making poetry together. I find she *twice* got the prize in the whole University (men and women) for original poetry. I feel so thankful to God that she has come. . . .

By this time the number of Parsi friends really interested in the deeper things for which the Settlement stood had so increased that it was possible to start fortnightly lectures, such subjects as "Christmas and

why we keep it," " Zoroaster and his mission to the world," " Social work in England," being chosen.

Mary was delighted also when a Parsi lady invited the Settlers to stay with her in a hill-station. " Quite an event in the annals of the Settlement, and we shall need very special prayer," was the comment.

Yesterday Dorothy and I went to visit the X.'s [people well known for public spirit and philanthropy] and had a most interesting talk on the impassable gulf between Parsis and English. Mr. X. said they only cared to meet people like ourselves, because all other English people assumed an air of superiority, and treated them as if they were beneath them. He waxed very hot over it, and we told him how unChristian it was of English people to snub them. I couldn't help laughing, as I told him how some of the Parsis snubbed us because of our religion !

Dorothy Dobson's impression at this time was that many Parsis had become true friends of her sister, because, as they said, " she was so much in earnest." In consequence a spirit of enquiry was replacing the fatalistic idea : " I was born a Zoroastrian and I must die a Zoroastrian." But there was a great gulf still between the discovery of the ineffectiveness of the old faith, and a wholehearted acceptance of Christianity, and only a few had yet taken that step.

Those few were united in the *Parsi Christian Association,* which had been formed in Bombay shortly before Mary's arrival there. Its first President was the Rev. Dhanjibhai Naoroji, an old man, one of the great converts of the educational work of the United Free Church of Scotland. Some years later, Mary published an English translation of his vivid narrative of Dr. Wilson's influence on him as a boy.

From the moment when this Association held its first annual meeting in 1898, Mary Dobson was one of its most ardent members, and the fortnightly meetings for many years were held in the Settlement. Many were the ups and downs as the new Christian Parsis learned what it is to lead a life obedient to Christ's teaching ; there were some who failed, but the miracle of God's power in transforming lives was constantly seen, and who can say how much of it was due to the faithful friendship of the one who so longed to see apostles to the Parsi nation raised up from among their own people ?

CHAPTER IV

INDIAN STUDENTS

WHILE these links with Parsis were being forged, Mary was not forgetful that the Settlement also aimed at reaching the future Indian women doctors, lawyers and teachers, while still in College, so as to organise a Christian Movement amongst them.

How was this to be done? Fortunately, the beginning of a Student Christian Movement among the men was already being made in Western India, principally by Robert P. Wilder, Frank Anderson and Mr. Bailey, through the Student Department of the Y.M.C.A. Poona and Bombay were the two cities where their initial experience was gained. In the former of these Mary had her first insight into evangelistic work among non-Christian students, as a long letter to her mother in June, 1897, graphically describes:—

They used to have great trouble at the Students' Hall at first; the people tried to burn it down and the meetings were exceedingly noisy and disturbed, but are better now. Mr. Bailey had agreed to have a meeting from five to six, at which he would answer questions. Several students had come for this and settled themselves with an expectant air. The first question was on predestination, which of course no one can explain. Mr. Bailey said we believed in God's foreknowledge, but at the same time in man's free-will. A sad-looking Hindu, who had asked the question, got

very violent over it, asserting that everything was ordained, therefore men could not help doing wrong. When the same man asked, "Does the Christian religion allow flesh-eating?" my heart sank, for, to the Hindu, it is like a red rag to a bull. Mr. Bailey said "yes." The Hindu then produced some verse in Ecclesiastes which, he said, asserted animals were immortal, and went on with a tirade about "innocent animals." Of course it is their idea about transmigration that makes it so terrible. As he was talking, I was looking down meditatively at the row of leather sandals in front of me, and I could not resist pointing to his and saying, "Were not innocent animals killed for those?" "No!" he said, with contemptuous scorn, "they are not killed for it, they *die*." I was amused, as I had heard before of the ways in which Hindus try to make the unfortunate animals *die* without killing them! To his next question, "Does the Christian religion allow drinking?" Mr. Bailey replied that it forbade drunkenness, and that many Christians never touched stimulants except medicinally. He retorted that no Hindu doctor would *ever* order stimulant, under any circumstances. I silenced him for once, for under my Hindu doctor in the Plague Hospital I had had constantly to administer strong stimulants. I really felt puzzled afterwards as to whether it were wise to have these discussions at all. . . . I feel that the power of the Holy Spirit in the lives of God's children will do more than any amount of reasoning.

This experience in Poona opened Mary's eyes to some of the problems of Indian University education with which ultimately she, too, would be concerned. The number of students examined annually in India had indeed become overpowering. Affiliated to the five central Universities were more than one hundred different Colleges, and more men matriculated each

year at Calcutta University than at Oxford and Cambridge together.

Christianity had as a rule first paved the way for education. As in the monasteries of England we see the seed of the Universities, so from missionary schools in India had arisen many Colleges ; but gradually the growing demand had been met by far larger Government institutions, where the education was entirely divorced from any religious teaching, and was sometimes as destructive of the old faith as it was lacking in inspiration towards a new one.

To stand outside a College as the men poured out was to hear a medley of tongues, with an undercurrent of English, that being the only language in which they could work together, coming from so many different language areas. Ancient and modern ideas jostled each other. Some men in that crowd might be discussing J. S. Mill on " Liberty," thus preparing for the time when in the Indian National Congress they would be demanding " India for the Indians," while others would be talking of some Hindu festival they were going to attend.

The words " at College " gave a different impression to an Oxford or a Calcutta man, for instance, for Indian Colleges were rarely residential. Their immense buildings usually contained nothing but lecture halls and laboratories. The inevitable result was that College life was robbed of half its interest and half its good. Work-hours over, back went the men to their homes to be re-absorbed into the superstitious atmosphere of Hindu life, or, if strangers to the city, back to the student " messes," where a number of young men boarded together, under no sort of restriction or

higher influence. Little in the way of clubs or games, in those early years, drew them together for healthy recreation ; the influence of professors was necessarily almost limited to the lecture hours, and, except in Mission Colleges (and even there very rarely, for lack of sufficient staff), no one was set aside to befriend men in their leisure time, or to do real educational work beyond the professional contacts.

In face of this, English University men and women could not fail to consider seriously whether, in spite of all the educational facilities given, they were really teaching these students to prepare for the *Swārāj* (self-government) they were already demanding, or whether they had forgotten that side by side with any intellectual development there should be the training of character. And if these problems were so acute as regards men, was it an atmosphere into which to plunge women coming from a very sheltered home-life ? These problems acted as a strong stimulus to the founding of a Student Christian Movement among the few Christian men in the Universities, and set the members of the Settlement on the alert to see what could be done for the women pioneers who were beginning to share in higher education.

In Bombay, the Grant Medical College and the Elphinstone Arts College were Government institutions. The former had at that time among its mass of men about thirty women students, and a still smaller number attended the latter College. In addition, Wilson College, under the Free Church of Scotland, had a few women students. In all, there were about forty undergraduate women as our field for a Student Christian Movement.

Early in 1898, our first modest attempt was to issue an invitation to these forty, English and Indian, Christian and non-Christian, to come to tea at the Settlement. Some eighteen students arrived, mostly European or Anglo-Indian, but among them six Parsis. After our describing to them Christian Union work in Great Britain and in South Africa, some of them told us of the lack of any corporate student life in the Bombay Colleges ; at once a little group of the Christian medical students agreed to join a Bible discussion-circle if we could supply a leader ; later, one was also started for Wilson College students, led by Mary Dobson. One of the two students at her very first circle was Miss Ruby Navalkar, an Indian Christian now well known as Principal of the Training College for Women in Poona.

Mary Dobson's student friendships soon led her to lay stress on trying to deepen the spiritual life of English and Anglo-Indian students, for to their non-Christian fellow-students the faith of Christ stood or fell according to their lives, and Parsis and Hindus alike were quick to note and to criticise. So this student movement work among Christians, with that aim at its heart, became an integral part of Mary's life, and as years passed by, there were few women graduates of Bombay University with whom she had not had personal contact.

Bombay was but our experimenting ground. A national, not merely a local, piece of student work was needed, though as yet there were not more than three hundred women taking a full degree course in India. All kinds of problems as to future organisation confronted us. Only a few weeks' residence in India had proved that we were not the only women who believed

RUBY NAVALKAR.

themselves delegated to start a Student Christian Movement for women. An American College graduate, Miss Agnes Hill, Travelling Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in India, was forming student branches of that body in N. India. Evidently some co-operation was essential, if the work was to be unified and to enter the World's Student Christian Federation.

A period of endless negotiations began; endless, partly because there were committees to be consulted in England and the United States, as well as in India, for the main problem lay in two national view-points, British and American. All English workers were accustomed to a united work for men and women students, apart from the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. To Americans, on the other hand, a work for women students alone, with the title "Young Women's Christian Association" was natural, for to its Student Department they had belonged in College. Finally, a compromise was effected, but under the latter title.

These negotiations led to one of Mary's warm friendships, when Agnes Hill came to live with us for some months, and soon won her way into our hearts. But while Mary finally gave way on various points in this scheme of co-operation, it cost her many days and months of real distress, so much was she in favour of the British rather than of the American form of student work.

It soon became evident that organisation was not a joy to her; she was essentially a worker who loved individual contacts. Committees, she felt perfectly certain, could not belong to the future heavenly sphere! Despite her clear brain, Mary did not really shine at

committee work, perhaps because of a certain detailedness of mind which sometimes spoiled her vision of the bigger horizons, or perhaps because, with strong convictions, she found it hard to carry out a policy from which she dissented, even when she had acquiesced in the decision of a majority in committee. This was true of the new co-operation, for, though loyally carrying it out, her letters show that for long she still wondered whether the Settlement should not have gone quietly on its own course with its mission of friendship to non-Christian women, students and others, leaving to the Y.W.C.A. alone the organising work among Christian students.

Under the new scheme, however, Ruth Rouse was appointed the first General Secretary of this Student Y.W.C.A. of India and Ceylon, with Agnes de Sélincourt as student worker for the North-West Provinces and the Punjab.*

As a result, in September, 1900, India had its very first Y.W.C.A. Summer Conference at Ennore, near Madras, but Ruth Rouse was unfortunately kept away by illness, and Mary Dobson, invited originally as leader of the music, found herself trying to compensate for her friend's absence. Seventy or eighty delegates were present, including teachers, students and schoolgirls. A choir, under Mary's direction, had practised Stainer's *God so loved the world* and Kipling's *Recessional*, (" a glorious setting ") for the special afternoon of sacred

* Ruth Rouse, in 1901, was invalided home, and later became a Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation. Agnes de Sélincourt, after working for some time under the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission in Allahabad, left India on medical grounds, and finally became Principal of Westfield College, part of London University.

music. Some of the meetings were held on the sea-shore. Mary writes to the home supporters :—

When I rejoined Miss Rouse after it was all over, she asked me for any thoughts I had gathered during the camp, and I replied feebly that I couldn't remember much of anything—I was too tired ; still, one memory I have carried away with me : a vision of a great rolling blue sea with white-crested waves breaking on the yellow sands, and these words, " There's a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea," and I seemed to learn more of that boundless love which brought Jesus Christ from the heaven of heavens to preach peace to them that are afar off and to them that are nigh.

In 1902, the Settlement itself was selected as the scene of the Easter Conference.

At present we are in a whirl of preparation for the Camp, which begins to-morrow evening. The lower flat is a scene of devastation, beds, chairs, pots and pans in every direction, coolies trying to do everything at once and only succeeding in doing very little. This afternoon I have been very busy with mundane, though necessary, matters, arranging one corner of the room up here for the Conference, and putting up pictures downstairs to brighten the girls' sitting-room. I finished up by pouring kerosene oil into the water-tanks in the garden, as every one had been recommended to do lately, as mosquitoes breed in water and are plague-bearers, and kerosene kills them. I have finished my task, but am now somewhat doubtful as to what I have done : I had got to the horses' tank and anointed it, when the Parsi doctor's coachman came and waxed wrath over it, or rather tried to assure me the horses wouldn't drink it after this. Then said I, " then empty the tank." Horrors ! there were fishes in it—goldfish belonging to the doctor's wife ! My heart began to sink, and, seeing the aforesaid lady at the door, I went

to explain my over-zealousness. She said the tank should be cleaned and had the fish brought to her in a pail, and remarked, " You haven't put any down our sacred water ? " Again my heart came into my mouth and I asked, " Do you mean the well ? ," which I had plentifully baptised. A nasty, dirty, green, slimy well with doves and squirrels living in the niches all down the sides. Then quoth the lady, " Parsis may only drink well-water " (news to me), " and hundreds come daily to draw from the well." I thought of the horror of the hundreds on finding their water drenched with kerosene, and oh ! *how* poisonous was kerosene ? I was assured a little wouldn't hurt anyone, but I threw down a good deal. Then I waxed bold and said it was *our* well, and I had a right to do what I pleased with it ; of course I put it nicely, but if it is really the case about Parsis and wells, it accounts for the influx of strangers into the compound, which I never could understand. Well, as long as there aren't poisoning cases in the paper after it, I shall rest happy, for I have only done what the Government advised.

(*April 2nd*, 1902.)

The Easter Students' Conference is over, and the Settlement has resumed its ordinary composure. Two long tables were arranged in the centre room of the flat and we all met there for dinner ; afterwards we retired to the Settlement flat upstairs, where chairs had been arranged in a cool spot, and Mr. McNeile gave the opening address. I confess I was so tired that night, that I was quite relieved when it was over, though the girls never seemed to tire of going on listening, and taking numerous notes. Miss Hunt, head of the Alexandra Parsi Girls' School, gave such a good address, on Saturday morning, on how to reach one's fellow students. They always listen to her with deep respect, because she has done so well (being an M.A. Bombay University), and being one of themselves and truly spiritually minded. That Saturday afternoon we took the Conference members out to Government House sands for

Photo by Clifton & Co.

ELPHINSTONE COLLEGE, BOMBAY.

tea, and there spent a delightful time. It is a beautiful spot with thickly wooded banks right down to the edge of the sands. On Sunday morning most of the Conference went down to early service at the C.M.S. church and we had only one meeting on Sunday at eleven, which Dr. Williamson and I shared. But after evening church and dinner, the students met up here for hymn-singing, and you would have liked to see our large centre-room lined with them and all so thoroughly enjoying themselves. . . . In many a spare moment a song or solo would be begged for by someone, and our piano had little rest during the Conference."

The need of a woman's residential College or a Hostel in Bombay soon became evident. In 1896 we had broached the subject with a leading member of the Governor's Council, who, from his long Indian experience, considered that many girls would prefer to study in a specifically women's College ; but the Principal of Elphinstone College, where a few women were studying among hundreds of men, negatived the need for any such separation, so we put the thought aside. However, from time to time some woman student in Bombay would plead with us to open a Hostel where those studying in the various colleges could live together ; or some up-country missionary would talk of the moral danger of sending their Indian Christian girls to Bombay to study among non-Christian men students. In Lahore, Agra and Calcutta the Government had already provided women students with Hostels. Gradually the dream of such a place of our own in Bombay became more real in its outlines ; yet it seemed impossible. As Mary Dobson wrote, there were too few Christian students needing it, and non-Christian girls would not live with us, as the Settlement was still

looked on as too "dangerous." So for the moment Mary and her fellow-workers concentrated on Christian Association activities and influence among the small groups of women students working with men in College.

CHAPTER V

MUSIC

MARY'S music was of great importance to the whole work, supplying an artistic element too often lacking in missions. It opened many doors and added much to her personal influence. But it was more than that, for to her it was the language of heaven, and therefore the only art of which she felt certain there would be need in the life beyond.

Within her two very diverse instincts struggled—the artist and the puritan. Perhaps the puritan held the reins; at least the artist's creative power was always kept within certain chosen bounds. It is open to debate whether this asceticism was the narrowness which some would feel prevented her artistic talents from being of full avail to the world, or whether rather it drew together all her powers into one steady deep channel, a reservoir of spiritual gifts for others. It was once again the drama of the Renaissance and the Reformation, played in a single heart. But while, like Savonarola, she would have led a procession to burn all vanities so that the Reign of God should come, yet at the same time she was impelled by her very being to cultivate and use her artistic power, her gift of song, it being "the expression of the innermost and infinitely sacred."

A curious instance of this duality of two natures was shown when working for her degree, for Mary mastered

Wagner's *Tannhäuser* from studying the score alone, denying herself the opportunity of hearing it on the stage, as Sir Walter Parratt discovered to his surprise when he examined her. In Bombay, when an opportunity offered of hearing even an oratorio, for many years Mary refused to avail herself of it, often declaring that to read the score was to her equivalent to hearing the choir and orchestra. But she sometimes owned that she was almost sick with longing to hear good music, and as years went by she occasionally went to some special performance.

The origin of this attitude of course lay in the "taboo" of both theatrical and concert stage by the group among whom Mary Dobson had passed through some of her deepest spiritual experiences, but there may also have been another cause at work, a fear analogous to that which in her personal relationships of friendship sometimes made her dread the jarring of the disappointments of real life on the joys in which she could revel in imagination. Her delight at any rate was great when, during her second furlough, she heard a beautifully rendered performance by the Leeds Choir.

It was absolutely heavenly. They sang Milton's Ode about the seraphs around the sapphire throne, and Bach's Motet for two choirs where the choirs sing antiphonally in the middle, the one singing very softly of the fatherly love and care of God, and the other answering in perfect bursts of praise. We had the "Horse and his Rider" from *Israel in Egypt*, but I must honestly say that it was not the old masters who most impressed me, but Elgar—great, wonderful Elgar —the giant among musicians. They did his "Challenge of Thor." It was wonderful and dramatic. You very likely know the poem, it comes in the *Saga of King Olaf*

by Longfellow. Elgar has set the whole, so it hurt my feelings rather—my feelings of reverence—that they only gave the Challenge of Thor. He challenges Christ, and Olaf answers it and tries to establish the Kingdom by force, and then at the last the wandering Apostle John answers the challenge, "not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit." The answer ought to have been given—not just the heathen God howling against Christ! It begins :—

I am the God Thor,
I am the War God.

This was *ppp* with a regular rhythm for drums and brass. Then came a roaring crescendo on—

I am the Thunderer

Then it seemed to be nothing but thunder and lightning, till—

Thou art a God, too,
O Galilean!

It suddenly sunk to *pp* again for this, and then came a hissing shout of defiance,

Gauntlet or Gospel
Here I defy thee.

I cannot tell you how powerful it was, and stirring. Only I should have loved to hear the voice of the wandering disciple that comes through the night-wind to King Olaf's mother, the holy nun Astrid, as she watches and prays.

Another letter from Mary to me gives some of her convictions as to the important effects of music.

You speak about music and how far true art can lead one to God. For me, all that is pure and all that is good in art leads me straight to God, only I realise keenly

now that music can be distinctly vicious, and there is some Wagner, for example, that I would not listen to for the world. That is why so many love-songs are absolutely bad for body, soul and spirit; the early Greeks used to whip the school-boys if they showed certain emotion at music, and they evidently understood more than the moderns do, though it is beginning to dawn upon them too. I believe so absolutely that the Spirit of God can guide one in this, that I have no fears at all in thoroughly loving and enjoying what He lets me. And so I say, I do not worry in the matter, but trust God to guide me, for all that I love most in music speaks to me straight of Him and of His love, as does nature, poetry and painting.

Mary's interest in music soon drew her into a study of Indian airs.

(*To her Mother, from Ahmedabad*, 1898.)

Dr. Montgomery and I have been learning native airs lately. Kanji, one of Dr. Taylor's students, came up several times on purpose to teach us. He is a regular singer and so could give us all the trills and shakes right, and he was so patient in singing the things over and over for me to take down. We had a most lovely tune to a native version of the Old Hundredth which I must send you; it is really grand. There was another very beautiful one, with the refrain "No cross, no crown," and I always think it must mean a great deal to Kanji, as he has suffered so for Christ's sake.

These Indian melodies bring back a vivid recollection of Mary in the last year of her life, when a small "Fellowship" met together in Hampstead. One member sang a succession of songs illustrating many countries and their gift to international music. Then Mary contributed some Indian airs, first as played by native musicians with nothing but a reiterated bass

note to offset the melody, afterwards as harmonised by herself.

To the Settlers themselves Mary's music brought much refreshment. Critics might say that her technique was less highly developed than her powers as a composer, but to her friends she imparted something through both her piano playing and her singing which moved them strangely. Was it perhaps the inner spirit, inwoven with prayer, which expressed itself in every tone? Evening after evening in the old Settlement days she would sit down for the short time, a half-hour, she allotted to such relaxation, and we forgot all the weariness and worry and even the heat, as she interpreted to us one of the immortal masters, or sang with her vibrant strong voice some message of hope. In later years, when on her furloughs, we again heard her, we found a more profoundly moving quality in her piano playing; a mighty urge seemed to break through it; it was forceful, like a trumpet call thrilling its hearers. Though both her touch on the keys and her voice could breathe tenderness and calm, yet those were scarcely their distinguishing marks. Rather was it the warrior arming for battle, the cry of one wounded in the fight, or the voice of triumph, because God and His Cause could not be worsted.

As an accompanist also Mary gave constant help, both to those who sang and later to one of the Settlement staff who was a violinist. But (in those early days at least) she would only play for sacred music; so when, in the course of an evening at a friend's house, songs of varied kinds were requested, it became necessary to find another accompanist if some ordinary ballad or classical song was chosen. Laughingly we used to tell

her it was unfair to force on us so much of the " secular " accompanying !

She made an exception, however, where her Indian friends were concerned. They were welcomed in the afternoons at musical " At Homes," and encouraged to bring any instrument or song. Naturally they could not be expected to sing Christian words, so in this instance Mary waived her general rule as to accompanying.

That she herself was sometimes perplexed as to the why and wherefore of her own inhibitions becomes apparent in a letter written in 1902 on the voyage back to India, when two members of an Anglican Sisterhood shared her cabin :—

There was a concert last night (and you would have been vexed with me). I did not go down, but went to bed early meditating why on earth, when I hear songs and music every night at home, I should feel it wrong to go to a concert. Then I went down to my cabin where Sister X. appeared shortly. I murmured that I hoped I had not kept her from the concert. " Oh, no, we never go to anything of that sort." And then she retired to the top bunk to be out of my way with a novel to read, and I undressed and went on reasoning below. Why was it wicked to go to a concert and yet not wicked for her to read descriptions of such things ? And further, why is the ship in a turmoil because I won't go, but considers it right she should not ?

It was on the same voyage to India that Mary first met Evelyn Gedge, the violinist, who many years later joined the Settlement.

I had a great many friends among the passengers and was special friends with Evelyn Gedge, the girl in my cabin. She played the violin most beautifully, and we

did a good deal the last few days. She had a lovely thing of Wieniawski's—appallingly difficult, but glorious ; every one was so in love with it that we did it three days running and had to repeat part of it the third time. The last night on board they asked if I would give them some music, impromptu, not a regular concert, and, wicked wretches, whenever they spoke to me they didn't call it a concert, but went and got up a mighty affair with gorgeous programmes and the whole ship to attend.

The contrast between the kind of music Mary enjoyed and that used in some religious meetings in Bombay was a perpetual trial. Perhaps the horror expressed in the next letter was all the greater that she listened to the hymns with the ears of her guest, Evelyn Gedge.

The Town Hall was very well filled, but we sat on one side in an unfortunate spot where we could scarcely hear ; and my heart sank more and more when they sang, " Shall we gather at the river," *presto*, and several other hymns which musically were very trying. . . . I wonder whether they would not find that really good music reached the masses just as well as bad. Father Ignatius, for example, I believe sings really beautiful things, and carries his audience with him, and I know at the Madras Conference where we had really good things, the music seemed quite to melt the audience.

Many years later she attended a Student Conference at Swanwick in Derbyshire, and met the well-known conductor of Church music, Mr. Martin Shaw. His recollection of those days together was of her quiet kindliness, and her great support and help in what, he says, was then slightly uphill work, *i.e.*, introducing the English Hymnal type of hymn-tune and words to the Student Christian Movement.

As a teacher Mary Dobson spent many hours helping old and young. She undertook piano and singing lessons and with her sense of fun lit up some of the drudgery, both for teacher and taught. For this work, however, she had received no special training, and perhaps it scarcely meant to her more than the bridge over which she might pass to the Bible teaching which was given to every pupil and in which she was absolutely happy and an expert. But she devoted much time to the few Parsi girls who came to her to be coached in harmony and counterpoint for English music examinations held in Bombay, and rejoiced over their successes.

Her pupils loved her, of that there was no doubt, for any intimate relationship always meant an outpouring of her personality on many sides. No one could be to her only a pupil, and so from her teaching deeper results will have grown than just technical skill, or an examination passed.

In the musical world it will be neither as a performer nor as a teacher that Mary Dobson will be permanently remembered, but as a composer of part-songs and carols. She poured forth her innermost experiences in her poetry and songs—for often it was her own words which she set to music.

Composition was carried on constantly. From the moment when she left England in 1897 she deliberately set herself to keep up her counterpoint by daily work. For creative work it is hard to say when she made time, but her inspirations often came during those quiet afternoon hours for *siesta* on which she so absolutely insisted for herself and for younger workers. Holiday times were great opportunities for more musical output. Some Song Cycle or other is frequently mentioned in

her correspondence with her mother, through whom for many years she made all her business arrangements with publishers in England.

(*To her Mother from Bombay.* 1903.)

I am hoping to send you by this mail a setting of "Rejoice to-day with one accord," by Martin Luther. I have a good deal in hand but somehow have not properly finished anything! This was written and finished in a few days! It goes with a swing, and I think had better go at once to Curwen's. If they refuse it, would you find out for me how much it would cost to have it printed in the same size and everything as "The Son of God goes forth to war." * I have made something on my poems this last year and should not mind printing it with those proceeds, but I never want to feel that I have actually paid for a thing to be published, *i.e.*, *lost* on it. I do not mind publishing if I earned the money by my writings. I am only explaining why I refuse to let you pay for anything. But if we got perhaps 200 or 300 printed, I should ask you to send half to Una to be sold for the benefit of the Settlement and half here, where I should have no difficulty at all in disposing of copies to students and others who hear the things at the Camps. But I shall dispose myself of things in future and never wish again to get into the hands of publishers who sell your things and don't give you the profits.

There is a thing of mine in the March number of the *Sunday at Home*. How soon does Papa expect to finish *Fanny Burney?* I shall be very interested in it. I think it is the first time he has written a woman's life, isn't it?

The history of the setting of Martin Luther's hymn was written to me:—

I am just setting to music good old Luther's hymn, "Rejoice to-day with one accord." It is so strange how

* A very fine setting, published in 1901.

one may go on singing away at a thing and it never speaks to one's soul, till suddenly like a flash the thing that was dull becomes full of life and power. Once long ago I began to set that splendid "Song of Thanksgiving," but as I found Frances Allitsen had set it splendidly my heart failed and I found myself left with a triumphant strain which originally belonged to the "Thanksgiving" but which could never again be associated with it in my mind. Then the other day it began to fit to "Rejoice to-day with one accord," and then, when I began to go into it, I couldn't help loving the words; the grand strain at the end of each verse, "Let all His Saints adore Him," seems to lift me into sight of the white-robed hosts who cry "Holy, Holy," constantly, and it keeps on singing in my head. Then the middle verse, about the poor people who cried in their distress and whom the Lord heard, has to go in my mind to a more minor strain, but that works up again to triumph when God hears and answers, and so "Let all His saints adore Him"; one day I will present you with a copy.

Only when Mary began her work as a composer did she write songs for soloists. More and more she placed herself side by side with those younger people who want to sing together, so carols, part-songs, canons were largely the form in which her music found utterance. Her canon-writing has been pronounced exceptionally good.

One of her first experiences of hearing some of her part-songs performed by a Bombay Mission School was so tragic that she felt as if her hair would turn grey and she could never write again, for they were sung in unison and the accompaniment played in octaves. But fortunately she had some musical friends, and a letter from a visit to the Noel-Patons shows a happier frame of mind.

(*To her Mother, from Nasik.* 1903.)

I have returned my Song-Cycle [*A Christmas Lullaby*] by this mail. I think something about Christmas always attracts children ; Peggy tells me she likes songs about Christmas much the best. Peggy and Victor so enjoyed the Cycle and made me sing it to them every night, sitting in two little chairs by the piano, and making the most intelligent suggestions. Victor wanted to know if the part at the beginning of " Stars " was " the nurse going downstairs." Peggy comes and writes with me every morning, that is, does her little lessons while I get on with all my things ; it is so delightful to have a little peace and quiet where nobody can get at you. There is no peace in Bombay ; you are constantly interrupted ; while here we are out in the country and no one can get at us.

About the same year a set of canons, called *Mosaics*, was being written while on a holiday in Simla :—

To-day too I have been busy over my sixth song in canon. It is a " Spinning Song " ; a creature is sitting spinning, and of course (as the creatures in my poems are generally me) is thinking of anything but her spinning ; her thoughts are with her good man and her children, etc. This is a canon for three voices, and a horribly difficult thing to do ! I have made a sort of buzzing sound going on all through in the voices, and the joke is that D. and I can't get it together a bit ; she buzzed and buzzed, and every time came in wrong, so I gave her up as a bad business, and shall hope to get it better done when we have a piano, and Miss Ashworth for a third voice.

It was some time before the songs were published, but in May, 1905, we hear at last :—

Mosaics are out in spite of strikes. Dr. Vincent did not think the name suitable at first, but has finally, adopted it, and brought them out as a series of seven,

headed *Mosaics*, a small part-song size, but not as school-songs. I am quite pleased with it and will send you a set when they are ready. The American publisher, to whom Dr. Vincent sent another set of children's songs, has written to know how much I will take for them, which means that they are practically accepted, so that is nice.

Mr. Martin Shaw's opinion of her composition was that she possessed a natural vein of graceful melody, a thing not too common among composers now and that her choral works and part-songs were written in a thoughtful and musicianly manner. Indeed it is evident that she had a gift that could have brought her real recognition, for practically all she wrote was accepted by publishers and a steady income began to flow in from royalties. It was not, however, until the last three years of her life, that, freed from missionary duties and needing to support herself by her writings, she was able to devote more than her short periods of leisure to literary and musical work.

Dating from this latter time come some of the charming songs written in collaboration with Amy Wilson Carmichael, whose poems seemed to voice that which Mary most longed to express in her music. The setting of these occupied her even during the last days of her fatal illness, and to-day they are sung and beloved by the many children who make their home with Amy Carmichael in Dohnavur, Tinnevelly.

In conclusion, a word must be said of the sympathetic help Mary Dobson always gave to any other musical composer. One young Parsi, interested in setting some of Tagore's poems to music, went to talk it over with her ; at first his impression was of " a very busy person

who gave a few minutes (and gave herself wholly), but who would not like any unnecessary lingering." But as she grew interested and discovered the love of mysticism in the musician, she became a real friend and continued her help after she had left India and while he also was living in London.

Music was after all just one part of that self Mary had so freely dedicated to God, and it was brought into requisition in a hundred different ways.

CHAPTER VI

LOVE AND RELIGION

With Mary Dobson love was not merely a happy relationship or a kindly good-will, but a flame, burning and purifying, bringing intense joy and also deep suffering.

To her intimate friends she gave a passion of devotion, outwardly most controlled, inwardly a magnetic power; but in a strong nature, with its imperious demands, the harmonising of her deepest affections with the claims of Divine Love, as she conceived them, involved at times a great struggle and a victory which deepened the whole life.

It would be impossible completely to separate Mary's experiences in friendship and in religion, for more and more she proved the truth of the words, "Love and religion are thus continuous; they represent different phases of one all-pervading gravitation of souls." * But the lifting of the veil in this book can only be fragmentary, as the family and the friends on whom the love was poured out are mostly still living, and these glimpses are only given so that one of the great secrets of her influence may be understood.

To her family she gave a devotion and loyalty which made everything connected with her home and parents

* Myers. *Human Personality.*

Photo by Clifton & Co.

D. DE B. DOBSON.

A. M. R. DOBSON. E. PICTON-TURBERVILL.

very sacred. Some of her school friendships also were carried on with undiminished faithfulness, and to those, as well as to later friends, her letters reflect her continual study of the Bible, as well as her acquaintance with the writings of Madame Guyon and Fénélon and many another spiritual guide.

All through life, indeed, Mary could never love friends without wishing to share with them her passion for the Kingdom of God, though the links that united her with different people might be literary, artistic, psychic, or philanthropic. Her friendships gradually covered a wide range, men and women, young and old, of various races too, for her Indian friends must have been almost as numerous as her English ones, and their special needs drew responsive chords from her, different from any we English ever heard.

There is an anonymous quotation which is very truly exemplified in Mary's life :—

" For every guest thy heart receiveth, the Lord Himself doth open in thy heart another room. It is as if Christ handed to us Himself the key of each newly discovered chamber, saying, ' Let us together love to the best end the dear soul who enters here. . . . ' As love grows we discover further and further the capacity of the house of our soul. There is no limit to the number or kind of ' these my brethren,' to whom we give the freedom of this city without walls."

The romance of friendship, with its splendours and its perils, is illustrated in the inner history of Mary Dobson's life, for she realised that motherhood and love between man and woman are not the only forms romance can take, and she flung her whole heart into friendships with other women. Yet she by no means

despised that kind of love and affinity which issues in marriage, and among her many men-friends there were possibly a few who would gladly have used a yet greater word than " friend " for her. But somehow there never came to her that sure sense of God's vocation upon which alone she felt that a marriage should be founded. The thought, however, of having a home of her own and children was just as dear to her as to most women, and while at one time she perhaps treated the natural attraction between men and women as something of " temptation," gradually she saw in it more and more a gift of our womanhood, to be dedicated rather than eradicated ; " If God made me a woman He meant me to feel all a woman's feelings, as Christ did a man's ; the thing is to find how to use one's nature rightly and to the glory of God."

I have felt that feeling you speak of, of lacking love in its biggest sense, in all its fiercest pain. I quite agree with you that there are reserves of love in every woman to be drawn out, and I think with the majority of women the love of a man is the *only* thing to do so, but with others I think Christ Himself draws it out ; a sweet, pure girl said to me the other day, referring to Tersteegen's poems, " I can't understand such extravagant language " ; and I thought, " Your love has never been drawn out, that is why ; you have never learned to love." And though people say none but a mother can know the peculiar love of a mother to her child, I am not so sure that there is not some truth in that bit in *A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen,* where the angel is represented as saying to the little pilgrim, " Have you children ? " and the little pilgrim says almost sadly, " No, I never married." And the angel says, " But the ones you brought to Christ—they are just the same."

Another letter speaks of a talk with her sister about her dreams of the future :—

I always finish up that I hope one day God will give me children to train and influence for Him, not my own, but some young things that have been left alone in the world and have no one to be a mother to them ; even if I am an old, old thing, I shall want them to look back and remember nothing but love.

Writing in 1903 of an incident in connection with her doctor-sister Margaret :—

Must it not be a wonderful, glorious feeling to know you have saved a person's life at pain to yourself ? Perhaps—I speak reverently—the feeling our Lord Jesus Christ feels in thinking of His agony and knowing that it saved the world. I was thinking the other day —something scarcely *à propos* of this subject—that with me intense love, intense pity or intense joy, though they are caused in different ways, are identical feelings; perhaps because they are all love at the first. But the feeling, when you see a sick, miserable child, of longing to gather it up and comfort it, as if it and you were the only two in the world, even though you had only seen it for the first time a minute before, I cannot distinguish from any other great holy feeling which God gives.

Her women-friendships, each in turn, seemed to her to be a gift from God's generosity, revealing some special side of the never-ceasing marvel of love.

God gave us our imagination and our friends. Do you imagine Jesus never thought of the dear disciple and that when they were parted He did not go over all the love of the one who understood Him the best ? I believe where one prays in one's imagination and, so to speak, lets Christ Himself lead one in thinking of one's friends, or of beautiful scenes, or in listening to beautiful music, it is the very gift of God, and He will stop us

where it becomes weakening. Only this morning I have been haunted by a thing that goes on in my mind ; a violin I think it is to be, and it begins very, very softly as if it were singing of longing satisfied, and then it grows louder and rises higher and higher as if it were telling of victory, till my heart leaps with joy.

In this letter Mary makes a distinction between the friendship that strengthens and that which weakens. For she passed through a short but sorrowful experience in a later friendship in which she realised that one aspect of it was not helpful. She faced at once the cost involved in telling her friend what she felt about it. Fortunately this woman was one who, though she may have found it hard sometimes to accept Mary's point of view, yet loved her enough to remain faithful through a difficult period.

Letters of that date make it evident that morbid introspection became for a time a real danger. Yet who can judge for another ? Mary had the nature of all mystics, and we, who only follow afar off, know perhaps too little of that inner place where the holiness of the Eternally True makes us see our faults, not as trivial things, but as sin that made the suffering of the Cross a necessity.

Out of all the strain and sorrow grew many a poem, and also the power of helping others whose friendships were costing pain. Fortunately for all her friends, Mary, though stern and uncompromising to herself, had a great power of loving us through and above all our faults. " I have loved you most when you tried to make out that you were worthy of no one's love," she said once. Hers was that power of vicarious suffering which lifted up a friend's burden of sin before the

Eternal Father, until His light could cleanse the spot, or dissolve the hidden complex.

One of the special gifts Mary believed God had given her was the gift of discernment. On one occasion she was convinced that someone was suffering from a " ghastly experience " ; after vain endeavours to draw it out, she at last succeeded, and so this woman gained new courage to take up life again. At times certainly her intuition enabled her to help difficult people ; they felt instinctively that she had passed through that same way of pain or temptation. Such strange and sometimes tragic happenings were revealed to her that often, as Mary departed on a sea voyage in great need of quiet, her friends' one wish for her was that she should not discover the tragedies of her fellow-travellers. Meantime she herself was probably praying that there might be someone in her cabin whom she could help, for, unlike most of us, she thought it " a privilege to be allowed to spend three weeks at such close quarters with anyone " !

Mary had two special traits that often intensified the pain she bore : a vivid imagination and a very retentive memory ; indeed, she acknowledged that she had to guard against remembering things : " Even the wounds that I got as a child are still horribly keen to me." Occasionally she had suffered unnecessarily : " I remember once something intensely painful happening to a boy I knew ; I met him years afterwards, and he actually laughed about it to me, and little knew that for years it had been my nightmare, for I couldn't understand such brutality in anyone ; it is worse sometimes to see than to suffer, much worse."

It was partly this power of entry into others' suffer-

ings, and the knowledge of so many sorrows that had to be locked up in her own mind, that caused some, even of those who appreciated her greatly, to speak of her as a little apart and aloof, not showing fully in her life the " joy of the Lord." This may have been so, yet she writes :—

Someone who had trouble wrote to me the other day and said that as one grows older one realises more and more that we are born to trouble, and I thought, " No, I was born to joy and I shall yet rejoice "—and the thing that comforts me is to be able to comfort others. Some of my keenest joy has come from spiritual consolation given by the Lord in times of great trouble.

As an illustration of this, the following incident will suffice :—

(*Dec.* 11*th*, 1909.)

The other day I had such a beautiful mental picture. It was only that, and not a vision, so don't misunderstand ! I was very troubled about something, and went to my room in distress ; I knelt down to pray, and suddenly seemed to see that I was tunnelling through a dark mountain ; I knew I should get through in time, but it was terribly hard. I was not doing the work, but someone beside me was working like a common workman, wrestling with the rocks. He turned to me, and I saw the tears were on His face with the effort ; it was the Elder Brother.

It was a picture so vivid that it remained with me for long, and I could see that patient face looking at me as if to say, " It is hard, bitterly hard, but it shall be, for I will perform it."

How I have thanked God for that sight since ; it has helped me so much, and makes me feel now in the darkest temptation that all will be well if I only don't turn and run out of the tunnel the other way !

When first Mary faced Indian life, she poured out to Mrs. Taylor an almost morbid regret that her life gave such rare opportunities for sacrifice. Her friend assured her, from her larger experience, that she would find God did ask for sacrifices which were made unconsciously and only realised later—such as loss of health, of energy, gradual failing of talents, or disappointment. Mary proved the truth of this, but perhaps one of her greatest sacrifices was the impossibility of living an "apostolic" life in the midst of twentieth century Bombay.

On the other hand, India taught her also to recognise the futility of self-chosen asceticism. To Lissant she wrote :—

To force oneself into a life of suffering is just what the Hindus do, and it is what we have to preach against. I was reading the life of Chandra Lela, the converted Brahmin priestess, the other day. The austerities she went through were positively awful, and made me feel how empty such things are to lead one to God, although I still feel strongly that abstinence from unnecessary luxury helps one spiritually.

In Mary's life the stormy times were lit by many days of sunshine, when her fancy would play, for her friends, over all kinds of beautiful imaginings.

One day when my ship comes in, I am going to take you for a lovely rest to Norfolk, and *I* am going to be perfectly well and strong, and only *you* shall be tired; and I will read you beautiful, still books about little children and nightingales and thrushes and God through it all, and I will play you soft sweet things on the piano which I shall have at any cost, and we shall be perfectly happy, and you will come back well and strong.

(*March 3rd*, 1911.)

L. H. keeps us in a state of joyful laughter ; she is so unused to any life of this sort, and yet so sweet in falling in and doing things with a comical accompaniment of remarks much to the point, which sum up things as we should never dare to put them. She goes by various names ; in her artistic and heavenly moods we call her Angiola, when she paints things to go over unseemliness we call her Charity, and when she puts out lights and acts as a good house-wife we call her Prudence.

In letters Mary often shares with her friends some interest in a new book, whether it be the *Life of Christina Rossetti* and her personality as being less charming than that of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, or a discussion as to whether a special chapter of R. E. Welch's *In Relief of Doubt* does not raise more doubts than it sets at rest. Another time it is Romanes' *Thoughts on Religion* ; yet another, Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age*.

Far more often, however, she enclosed a poem that impressed her, or one of her own, just written. In later years, she formed the habit of passing round among an inner circle some new mystical books she came across, wanting our opinions on them. If, however, one contained some page she strongly disapproved, she would cut it out, so as not to contaminate us !

The saints, Julian of Norwich, and Mechtilde and Teresa were often referred to in Mary's letters, but her interest was just as great in the modern, and perhaps entirely unknown, people who yet were having spiritual experiences, and she questioned eagerly some she met. Once it was the experience of a woman rebellious against her fate and suddenly enveloped by a Presence which filled her with unspeakable joy, while a voice

said : " I and my Father gave it thee." On another occasion Mary mentions meeting someone who " constantly sees Christ," and as she writes of this to her friend, she urges her to " follow on, . . . don't be content till you have the perfect union He means for you, and the perfect love." Another time she encourages one of her old friends by telling her of a vision of Christ having come to two young Englishmen, healing sorrow and changing life altogether.

Much though Mary poured out in letters to intimate friends, she was also strangely reserved ; only in certain atmospheres could she unfold and be her delightful self. Here the artist temperament undoubtedly revealed itself : " I can't think what makes me so shy, so that it is a positive pain at first to meet my friends ! " At times, after a long parting, these self-conscious barriers would baulk the free intercourse she so longed for, but generally some bit of quaint humour would suddenly bubble up and relieve the situation, and at once Mary was back again in friendship's accustomed happy place.

All through her life new friends were being added, though the impressions she made at first on people were very diverse. A friend in whose home she often stayed mentions the fact that, though at first at a dinner-party the men visitors might pass her over as insignificant, by the end, without any desire to absorb the conversation, she was the talker, and they were listening and questioning ; for she interested people by her originality, her literary and artistic appreciations, her never-ceasing desire to learn all kinds of subjects, her courage in holding to principles even at the cost of possibly appearing ridiculous.

Occasionally the story is one of immediate attraction : —one woman missionary writes of seeing her first among a number of friends in a South Indian Hill Station ; " her face among all the other faces stands out in memory as a thing apart." Another woman met her on board ship ; " she looked as if she had had a good deal of trouble, and yet she looked so peaceful and so full of quiet strength and love. . . . I found out more and more how beautiful she was and how good to talk to." But others could never understand nor appreciate her, for naturally the directness with which Mary usually attacked the problems of spiritual life roused some to antagonism, and they saw no charm to win their friendship. There were others, however, who, differing from her, yet recognised her outstanding qualities and became her great allies. To one who accused her of not knowing how to take a holiday, she wrote :—

" Dear friend-in-need, you are just so nice because you do say out what you are thinking in that quiet loving way of yours ; that's what I like, so don't ever regret saying anything to me, I always understand. One day, in another eternal sphere, perhaps we *shall* work side by side. Now, though we are so far parted and may never meet again, it is good to feel that you are there and that you pray for me. You are down on my list and I remember you regularly."

Her friendships, and indeed all her relationships, were enriched because she had learned the secret of all mystics that an inner life of contemplation and prayer can alone overcome the jarring difficulties of daily adjustments. To Lissant she confessed early in her Indian life :—

I know too well what it is in this climate to get

rasped and rude ! How often I have to pray to be kept calm, and tender to people in my thoughts, and that Christ may be constantly revealed. . . . And communion is the secret of it all, the secret of His presence.

(*To U.M.S.* 1903.)

I have just got into the Psalms in my daily reading and am enjoying them tremendously. I first read the Psalm in the Authorised Version, then in the Revised Version, then Luther's Version, and then a Commentary on the whole. . . . Luther calmly takes the Septuagint and Vulgate readings in many cases, with beautiful result. In Psalm xiii. 5 he reads for " My heart shall rejoice in Thy salvation," " My heart rejoiceth because Thou art so willing to help." He calls Psalm xvi. just what it is, " A golden jewel of David," and Psalm xviii. 1 becomes " I love Thee dearly, Lord my God."

(*Jan. 30th*, 1903.)

Last Sunday in Church at Communion Service I got a sweet taste of communion in Christ with those we love ; it seemed to me so wonderful that we could meet and be in touch with Christ. I want to learn more of the communion of saints.

As life went on, her sense of such communion became increasingly sure, whether at the Eucharist or in the quiet of her own room, or out under the stars, in India or Sinai. Finally she wrote to a great friend of her later years, Amy Carmichael :—

The depths and heights of the communion of the people of God are unfathomed or little known to us as yet ; or do you realise it ? I have had glimpses lately of the wonder of the union in Christ and what it can be to believers. For we are all in Him, the Living,

Loving Love, Who binds all in one and helps our infirmities, and Who is kinder and more tender than anyone we know on this sad earth.

Surely we may say that love and religion had indeed proved to be continuous in Mary's case. Love drew her with a mighty force. The outcome, whether a throb of pain or a burst of happy song, was only the varying rhythm of life's experience, lifted up in the Presence where all could be blended in the great anthem of praise of the Church redeemed.

CHAPTER VII

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF DAILY LIFE

1901—1907

THE main motifs recounted in the last four chapters, Parsi work, student interests, music and friendship, wove themselves into a harmony of daily life, with furloughs in England as the pauses to give rhythm to the whole.

The first of these furloughs, a very short one, was in 1901, the second in 1905—1906. Mary's fellow-workers during the period covered by this chapter were, in addition to those already mentioned, the short-service helpers, Edith Fear and Edith Picton-Warlow (Picton-Turbervill) from England. From Australia came Katie Fell, and, as a result of her brief visit, Elsie Nicol (Melbourne University) and others followed.

Mary Dobson's second furlough was made possible by the arrival of two workers who gave permanent service: in 1904 Lucy Ross (Newnham College), and a year later, Jessie Lindsay (Edinburgh University). When Mary returned to Bombay in November, 1906, she had with her as a new recruit Emily Peacey (Somerville College); and in January, 1907, the first Settler from New Zealand, Winifred Griffiths (Victoria College), joined the party.

Were this a history of the Settlement, instead of

being a memoir of Mary Dobson, much could be told of graphic interest showing the contribution of each worker, but it has seemed best to confine ourselves to the central theme as gathered from Mary's own letters, and so it is to England we now turn.

Furloughs, eagerly awaited as they were, proved again and again to Mary's keenly sensitive temperament almost too exciting to be restful ; the joy of being in England, an eager desire to see many friends, the writing of music and poetry, all tended to increase her sleeplessness ; as in many other experiences too, the very height of her expectations and intensity of her feelings prevented her attaining all she wanted.

After the first months of rest were past, time had to be devoted to the many British College and School branches of subscribers to the Settlement, the " Home Members " and " Home Associates," who had adopted the Bombay work as their own. For, thanks to the energetic work of the Secretary of the Committee, Eleanor Lorimer (now Mrs. Crichton Miller), there was a strong body of subscribers eager to meet one of whom they had heard much. But as the first furlough was short, very few meetings were addressed, and not till later did Mary become well known to Settlement supporters.

One month of this visit to England in 1901 we spent together in lodgings in Sussex, taking with us a store of books specially to prepare us to meet the difficulties raised by the modern critical study of the Bible. We came away with a renewed interest in Biblical research, though historical criticism never appealed to Mary's mind, and she remained very conservative in her viewpoint. She was a quick reader, plunging into the middle

of books, skimming through and emerging with much new inspiration and information.

In later years only did she add novels (and then mostly classics) to her holiday literature, but her earlier attitude towards novel reading was revealed in a letter written after staying with an older missionary in India :—

She has such a brusque way of saying things. This morning, over the books to be taken up, going to the hills, the following conversation took place :—

Miss E. : " Do you read novels, Miss Dobson ? "

Mary (expecting a scolding, yet trying to be decided) : " I am afraid I don't."

Miss E. : " Oh, well ! It's a free country and I suppose you can do what you like, provided you don't make others do the same."

It was characteristic of her to enjoy reading stories that threw light on Biblical scenes, such as " Ben Hur " and " Quo Vadis."

When, early in 1902, Mary landed again in India, her Bombay friends gave her a warm welcome, and she was at once deep in the many kinds of work which fall to a missionary in a great city. Sometimes the overwhelming part of such a life is the number of interruptions to the regular routine, interruptions which arise from the various city activities, the relationships with other missions and the Church functions, all of which occupy much time and are vital (in their place, if kept there) to the whole comity of missions. The monthly Conference of Missionaries was one such.

Last Monday's Conference was very important for us, for Mr. Anderson, the Chairman, had prepared a sort of catechism to be answered by the audience : subject, the Gujarati work being done in Bombay. . . .

The Settlement evidently represented the main work being done. . . . When it came to encouragements, I thought it so sweet of Miss Abbott. She told the Conference that at Government House one day she had got into conversation with a Parsi girl, who told her that she and many others prayed to Christ, though they had not the courage to confess it, and that she asked Miss Abbott's prayers, and spoke of us who were working among them, as if our work had not been in vain ! You can think how glad the Settlement felt ! We have divided the Parsi visiting into districts which we exchange month by month. It means that one hundred families get visited at least twice a month ; some, however, we go to several times a week.

It was this house-to-house visitation which Mary found really the most effective work, more so perhaps than the educational side, though there were a certain number of paying pupils and always some too poor to pay ; but on the whole the Settlement had discovered that the need for advanced teaching among Indian ladies of the higher class did not exist to the extent represented to them. If a Parsi lady was really anxious to go on with her education, it was ten to one that, unless hindered by matrimony, she would take a full College course.

Living in a port gave many occasions of meeting old friends from England, and letters mention the pleasure and yet, at times, the burden of these ever-recurrent gatherings.

(*To her Mother.*)

Mrs. Penn-Lewis is come to take meetings for missionaries in India. I was just looking at a letter of Dorothy's, in which she wailed that our time might be fully taken up in India with entertaining visitors whom we are requested to take in by the Committee, writing

College letters for which the Secretaries are always clamouring, and attending meetings for the amelioration of missionaries; and really it is true. I can scarcely help smiling when I think what an excessively depraved set they must think missionaries are, so constantly to send missions to them, whereas what we need is more quiet time with God, and freedom from the obligation of appearing at meetings lest the speaker should feel discouraged.

The hot weather of 1902 was spent at Simla, where Edith Picton-Turbervill and a friend were in charge of the Y.W.C.A. Holiday Home. Dorothy Dobson was there too and many delightful days were spent in those mountain surroundings. But sad news came of the death from plague of Daya, our faithful house-boy * in Bombay.

I feel as if a bit of my Indian self were gone with that dear good faithful soul, and in the afternoon I read the burial service, and felt that I could say nothing, "forasmuch as it had pleased God to take our brother to Himself." Anyway he won't need quite so much explanation of the Gospel as he would have, had he never been with us—and I do wonder whether he sees us now, and still cares. If only I had been there to take care of him; I am so sad to think he died alone.

The short Simla holiday over, the Bombay doings were described by Mary in the various journals sent to London for the information of the Home Members.

You would have been interested by a visit I paid the other afternoon to some cultured Parsis. The topics which came up were as follows: theosophy, *re* Mrs. Besant; the recent tidal waves and sudden death;

* His nickname among ourselves was the O.E.O. "one-eyed one." He never openly professed Christianity, but "sometimes at night on his bed" he thought of it, as he reported in truly native fashion.

Joan of Arc, had she real communion with God and the unseen ?—lastly, Moody the evangelist and his life ; from this rose a definite talk on conversion. After some explanation on my part of what it was, one of the girls said something like this: " Pardon me, it seems rude to ask, but are you converted ? " Wasn't it a turning of the tables ? I was so glad to be able to tell her I was, and how it came about. They both seemed most impressed, and I have sent them the *Life of Moody* to read.

(*July*, 1902.)

I went to my Khoja (Mahometan) lady where I always get a warm welcome. She settles down comfortably for an hour's religious talk. She is at present reading Sir William Muir's " *Mahomet and Islam*," and said to me solemnly yesterday that some of his assertions did not quite agree with the Koran ; *e.g.*, Mahomet was really taken up to Heaven, but Sir W. M. said it was only a dream. It was a little difficult not to be too emphatic on such a point, though I had no compunction in speaking with emphasis as regarded the life of Christ according to Mahomet. I told her that Mahomet had never studied that life from the original writings, that he only knew the facts from hearsay, and I left it to her intelligence to judge which was correct, especially as she herself granted that Mahomet, (who in the Koran confesses his sins to God), might be liable to make a mistake.

(*Sept.* 18*th*, 1903.)

I have paid a sad visit this morning. A short while ago a young Parsi doctor died on one of the British India boats up the Persian Gulf. He was an only son. The poor father is broken-hearted, because the news did not reach them in time to do the requisite rites, which have to be done for them three days after death. I happen to know the head official of the British India Company well, so I asked him for all particulars of the doctor's death, and this morning went down to show

them the letter. The poor father said so sadly that he had done all the rites he could, but that the news had come too late; I felt particularly helpless in face of such hopeless sorrow, and I said to him, as strongly as I could, that the rites made no difference. I really don't know how to comfort non-Christians at such a time; they are so absolutely "without hope." I am going to see if I cannot look out some book that would be helpful to send them.

It was not always, however, that the Settlers and their help went unchallenged. Anonymous letters attacked this Mission, as indeed they probably do everywhere, where cowardly people fear to oppose openly. One of these Mary quoted to me:—

I got such a horrid free-thinking pamphlet this morning, and over it was written in an excellent hand, "Something for you to propagate among Indians instead of your mighty gospel which is a worthless conglomeration of fairy tales. Might as well ask us to read Grim or Anderson (*sic*). Indians want something solid and the most advanced thought of the West, and they know where to apply. You needn't waste your little lungs and lesser brains. Only make yourselves their laughing-stocks. Better draw up your blinds here and go home and do some really good honest work in the East End where such charming specimens of Christianity abound."

This taunt is one which always has its shaft for sincere English people, and Mary never hesitated to own that thousands of those within reach of Christianity had never yet really let it sway their lives, and that even Christians were still very far from having brought all their social and political life into real harmony with the Gospel.

A visit was paid to Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, in Ahmeda

bad, early in 1903. Mary had prepared a Gujarati translation of an English story book (as she felt greatly the need of good literature for Parsi children), and she wanted criticism from her old teachers.

Here we are at Ahmedabad. . . . I came ostensibly to go through my translation of *Eric's Good News* with Belsari, but alas! I hunted the Settlement down for the manuscript and it was nowhere to be found; I bore the loss with tremendous fortitude. The fact was, I was so pleased at the thought of a few days' holiday and being able to do my music, that it atoned for the loss. Such is human nature!

Dr. Taylor is so charming in his manner with the Indians; I have scarcely seen anyone so Christ-like in his invariable politeness; I am sure that is why he gets on so splendidly with them. He seems to win their hearts.

It is amusing now to find oneself watching for mistakes in Dr. Taylor's talking, and arguing points with him and daring to give an opinion, because I have found so many examples of this or that in my reading.

References to various kinds of literary work become frequent. Poems were often sent to the *Sunday at Home*, and editorial work was added when Mary accepted responsibility for the magazine called *The Young Women of India*, the organ of the Young Women's Christian Association. For it she wrote a set of *Famous Women*. To her great delight, a Parsi friend translated the paper on Madame Elisabeth for the Gujarati Ladies' Paper. *Maid Elsa* was a delightful little serial story; *A Christmas Peace Offering* was the outcome of a last holiday morning spent in the woods at Simla, pen in hand, for indeed all Mary's editorial work had to be done in spare moments. Letters of 1903 refer to the fact that Williams had taken

her first Song-Cycle, *May-Days*, and that another group of canons were in course of production.

The question of social purity in Bombay was always a burden on Mary's mind. She shrank from the revelations of evil which occasionally reached her through English and Indian channels, but her shrinking did not deter her from venturing into a house of ill-fame from which a Hindu girl had been visiting her, when she hoped to awaken in her a genuine desire for a better life. But at that time it was in vain. A little later Mary read a paper at the Women's Conference on this subject, entitled "How to reach the Unreached," and her suggestion led to the formation of a committee with the object of arousing public opinion, but it was not till many years later that the subject was dealt with more thoroughly, and a Vigilance Committee formed.

The same instinct to right wrongs and to help sufferers impelled her to go several times to the lunatic asylum. Her horror at finding people of all nationalities herded together, and the discovery that she could bring a little solace by her singing, and by speaking in their own tongues to both German and Gujarati inmates, made her repeat her visits and finally induced her to give a little tea-party to some of the less afflicted patients.

Life had also its lighter moments fortunately; weddings being especially approved for reasons given below:—

Miss G. is to be married on the twenty-fourth of this month, and the missionary community is in quite a flutter thinking how to trim up impossible hats, or scrape together enough to buy new fal-lals for the occasion. It is "clean reedic'lus." Weddings I

always attend with much gusto, because Our Lord went to Cana and therefore I have no conscience on the subject. I believe really I love society and meeting people, at the bottom, but then God gave to all men social instincts, which are lawful and right. . . . I am so amused at the way the hats are plumped on me to trim—me of all people!

The year 1904 brought at last the admission as a catechumen of a young Parsi whom Mary had for long befriended.

You will be glad to hear that last Sunday the young Parsi lad with whom, off and on, Mr. McNeile and I have had to do the last two years, publicly renounced the Parsi, or rather Zoroastrian, religion, and gave up his sacred cord and shirt. The service for the admission of catechumens is very beautiful and impressive, though an ordeal for all of us, for we feared that J. would withdraw, but he went through it bravely enough. J. told his people as soon as he got back that he was no longer a Zoroastrian, and they promptly requested him to leave.

Mary was deeply interested in the series of events which had led to J.'s conversion; with other boys, he used to disturb a Parsi clergyman's open-air meetings, till one day a conviction seized him that the teaching might be the truth. Next he came in contact with Roman Catholic priests at a fair, and bought some Gospels. Finally he resolved to follow the Parsi clergyman home one night, and soon after that he was introduced to Mary and attended the Parsi Christian gatherings. After another period of testing, J. was baptised in the C.M.S. Church about a year later.

The quarterly letters home show that each year brought its Student Conference. In 1904, it was held at Easter, at a small mill-station north of Bombay.

At Igatpuri the arrangements were excellent ; one long verandah served as dormitory for the students, another as dining-room. We were especially careful not to overcrowd the meetings, so as to allow time for exercise and private study. We took " Jesus Christ as Master," as " Saviour," as " Teacher," and a special course on Bible Study was given by Miss Willoughby-Jones of the Y.W.C.A., in whose bungalow the Conference was held. One or two of the delegates had attended several Conferences, and it was grand to look back and see their real spiritual progress, and how some of them are developing into strong workers for Christ. The missionary question came up at the Conference, and on one occasion, they held a sort of opposition meeting, saying they would never work under missions in India while Eurasians were despised and treated as if they were inferiors by other missionaries. One is rather glad to know their mind on this subject, and when they came to some of the workers with, I am afraid, sore hearts, to state their grievances, they were wisely yet candidly dealt with. To pretend that things are different from what they are is ridiculous, nay, even wrong ; the Eurasian is at a serious disadvantage in many ways, but one wants them to be brave, and make the best of it, and this is what such Conferences are really teaching them to do.

One Conference over, at once began all the steady work behind the scenes, the " Committees galore," entailed in preparing for the next, and this year Mary happened to be left almost alone to bear especial responsibilities. One of the joys of the winter 1903–04 had been Edith Picton-Turbervill's stay in the Settlement, but this was cut short by her serious illness, and she sailed for England in the same ship with Dorothy Dobson. Mary felt for a time utterly desolate, but even while she wrote of the double loss, she continued, " In another way it is good, for I never mind a time of

absolute loneliness ; it turns me more to Christ and makes me realise His love and fellowship more, and—a more mundane reason—left to myself I turn all the feeling side of my nature into my poetry and music and do my best work." So it is not surprising that casual mention is soon made of " another book," an adventure into the world of romance ; but the various short stories finally were published separately in magazines, not in book form.

A year later, in 1905, Mary entered on the longest furlough she ever took. We hear of books and music and translations, and the home interests, and her father's researches into eighteenth century life. In the summer came the Student Christian Movement Conference at Conishead, where much enthusiasm over the Settlement cheered her ; then several weeks with us in Wales.

(*To her Mother, from Aberdunant, N. Wales.*)

I have been getting on with my four-part canons ; they are as fascinating as a beautiful Indian puzzle, for everything has to fit and yet it has to form a pleasing whole. I stayed to communion the other day in the Welsh Church : the vicar preached in Welsh and sang his sermon in the peculiar way that Welsh preachers do : they call it the " hywll," and I should think it must be a remnant of the ancient bardic recitations. It nearly put me in a fever, for he excited himself so fearfully and almost screamed. Then the people sang a most beautiful Welsh tune, very weird and minor, and they nearly sang the roof off ; I could not have believed that so much sound could have come out of a small body as was emitted by a small boy behind me.

After speaking at the Settlement Annual Meeting in London, she visited Colleges in Scotland, Oxford,

Leeds, Sheffield, Manchester and Cambridge. This tour proved to be a great opportunity of helping to draw England and India closer together, for everywhere Mary found a growing desire on the part of College women to learn more of the thought and problems of women, educated like themselves, but living under Oriental conditions.

Perhaps it is not surprising that, as the year 1906 sped by with these many duties and lectures, coupled with the musical and literary activity of Mary's fertile brain, a rest-cure was at last decreed. After a month, she emerged much better, but also with a book ready to be put on paper ! Cordris, whose character interested her intensely, was the hero of *Earl Osric's Minstrel.* Into the making of this book, with its story of Cordris' power over the hearts of men through his music, went much of Mary's own experience, and the very dream recounted by the knight, Oswald, happened to her, word for word. The writing was done that summer, but, as the Religious Tract Society demanded some further chapters, 25,000 extra words were added on board ship, and it was published eighteen months later.

The book was appreciated by very different people, apparently. Two of the Parsi pupils told the whole of its story in Gujarati to their grandmother. Later, Mary was delighted to find *Earl Osric's Minstrel* had been transcribed in Braille and sent to an Indian School for the Blind. She wrote to Mrs. Matheson (Jessie Henderson) of her joy that her children so enjoyed it, and added : " One young captain in the Royal Scots read it and said it was a good book for a soldier to have by him ; which amused me, as it was not primarily meant for warriors ! "

After nine years of living in the same flat on Kamballa Hill, the Settlement had a trying experience during 1906–07 of moving three times in four months, so losing touch with many Parsis.

In February, 1907, occurred the tenth anniversary of Mary Dobson's arrival in India, and to celebrate it a party for Parsis was given, and the Settlers had a half-day of prayer and fasting beforehand. At the party Mary asked her friends to let her say for once exactly what she liked, and they did not seem to take it amiss when she spoke of their lack of religious earnestness, and of her own reasons for believing in Christianity. One family had sent her that morning a beautifully bound copy of the Psalms with an inscription of gratitude for the Settlement work. Evidently much of the old hostility had passed away. Indeed, that year was marked by three requests from Parsi ladies that they might live in the Settlement.

From 1907 onwards, we hear of occasional holidays spent by Mary with her brother Bernard in N. India, especially when his Indian Civil Service duties took him out on tour.

(*Camp Rajanpur. Nov.*, 1907.)

Here I am away in the jungle camping with Bernard. We only stay a few days in each place and then go on, Bernard holding his courts all the way. Scarcely any English woman has been into some of these places before and it is most interesting. I can see, from where I sit, the tent where law is being administered, with the grand red-coated orderly outside. I am quite anxious to know the result of one of the cases Bernard was telling me about yesterday, and I laughed so, for he told me how one of the witnesses would tell untruths, so he put him in the corner for two hours with his face to the wall to teach him better ways.

Mary was not perhaps an easy guest for a Government official. The plans for touring had to be entirely rearranged, because nothing would induce her to travel on Sunday. The coming even of the Viceroy would not draw her to the Club to meet him ; on the other hand the least hint of need would at once be incentive enough for her to seek out anyone, be he high or low—and travelling with her brother she had many opportunities for meeting some, who otherwise did not come much in contact with missionary work, and who looked at life from a different angle from hers.

CHAPTER VIII

RELATIONSHIPS : TO THE REVIVAL : TO FELLOW-WORKERS

DURING the years 1906 to 1910 there is constant reference in Mary's letters to the question of " Revival." She had been deeply concerned over the spiritual deadness of Bombay city, and the paucity of real converts to Christianity, and she longed for some spiritual awakening among Church people that would at last rouse her Indian friends, who were halting on the outskirts of Christianity, lacking dynamic to venture within. To her mother she wrote of one such opportunity in January, 1907 :—

The greatest event of the last two days was a meeting for the society people addressed by Lord Radstock. He is eighty years old now, but still flies round the world preaching. May Procter is giving a special " evening " on Monday for Parsis, and he is to give his " experience of the power of the Christian religion." Bombay is wonderfully stirred up just now ; it is most remarkable how many of the leading men and women have taken a stand for Christ of late. Last night they were having a night of prayer at the Y.W.C.A. Agnes Hill is the main mover in this sort of thing ; she says she has so often danced till after two in the morning that she doesn't see now, in her regenerate days, why she shouldn't pray ; which is quite sensible, it seems to me.

Though Lord Radstock's meetings were not con-

nected with any special " Revival," they came at a time when already the Welsh experience was affecting India. During Mary's last furlough she had come across the good results in Wales, the lessened number of police-court cases, the changes in individual lives, but she had also had experiences which warned her of the dangers of over-wrought nerves masquerading as " holy emotion." So on her return to India her eager interest in the Revival already in progress was tempered with some anxiety lest it should lack " strong leaders, able to guide it aright, and to keep the flesh and the devil out of what ought to be most sacred."

She soon found herself among some who had had immediate experience of strange spiritual happenings. One, a clergyman, had come into Church robed, but was unable to proceed with the service, because of an outburst of congregational prayer. Mary listened with sympathy, and added in writing her account of it, " The Bishop is allowing extempore prayer in the Churches, but they are to pray one by one and in order ; he cannot suppress it ; indeed it is so plainly the hand of God, that to disregard it were sinful." Some of the reports Mary heard of the noisier accompaniments of the Revival, however, shocked her sense of fitness, for, as she said, " I always feel myself that we are told that Christ was full of the Spirit, and that noisy demonstration is not what He taught men to desire." Indeed her letters plainly show that she was alive to the dangers of crowd-emotion, and preferred quieter ways, but she was very perplexed.

The head of the Madras Women's Christian College, Miss McDougall, one of Mary's intimate friends, says, " Her interest in the matter was just part of her con-

stant longing to see more deeply into the ways of the Holy Spirit ; she felt that no manifestations, however unusual, should be ignored. I never knew anyone so anxious to increase her knowledge of God. Most of us, at the age when I first knew her, have settled down to our stock of convictions, and living by them hardly strive for more, but she was always eager and alert to grasp at any new method or fragment of knowledge which might reveal something of God. I remember her once saying to me, ' Tell me something more about our Lord,' as simply as she might say, ' Tell me something more about Madras ' ; she felt that everyone might have some news to contribute."

The unusual manifestation mentioned above was that " gift of tongues," which most of us have relegated to history, as belonging to the early Christian Church in Corinth but having no connection with twentieth century life. Mary had once before listened to an Indian Christian who purported to have this gift, but what she then heard she had described as " an unholy noise," whereas she felt sure that whatever the " tongues " were in old days they were awe-inspiring. But the whole phenomenon could not at this later period be lightly put aside when, among Mary's group of English friends, its effects were sometimes intense yet quiet. For some affirmed that, in their own cases, it was the outcome of so great a desire to praise God, that it seemed as if ordinary language did not suffice, and instead their praise found utterance in an unknown tongue, which required interpretation.

One of the places where this amazing experience was happening was at Mukti, Pandita Ramabai's settlement for the many thousand widows whom she had

rescued. A very wonderful work of Christian evangelism had always gone on there side by side with all the practical training and education. But now both the gift of tongues and the power to heal were moving many of these new converts. The Governor of Bombay had been so interested that he went there and was much impressed with what he saw and heard.

Mary hesitated for long about visiting Mukti. It is clear that she feared undergoing this "tongues" experience, dreading peculiarity; then, wrestling with herself, she faced even humiliation rather than fail to receive all that God was giving to others; but no "manifestation" came to her, and later she realised that in her case this was not God's way of illumination.

It was in 1909 that an English missionary, mentioned in the following letter to me, was spending a few days in the Settlement.

She has the gift of tongues, and though I had not heard her use it much, I always knew she had had marvellous manifestations. Last night, late, she asked to come to my room for prayer. She began very quietly in English; then, as her earnestness grew, she suddenly dropped into an unknown tongue. Her pleading was, I can only say, terrible in its yearning. I got positively alarmed, for I thought she would faint with the awful intensity, and so at last began to pray softly in English myself, and so this strange meeting went on. At last, feeling she would be exhausted and that God would understand my doing it, I went beside her, touched her and said "you must stop now." In a minute or two she came back to earth; I think till then she had been unconscious of everything. She was herself again, quiet and dignified, said she hoped she hadn't tired me, and went off to bed as if nothing had happened. She knows evidently what she is longing

and praying for at these times, but human words won't express it, and so the Spirit helps " with groanings that cannot be uttered," though it was a clear and not unmusical language on this occasion.

(*April 9th*, 1910.)

You speak about dreading emotion. I wish I could explain to you how very calm and collected we are; when you get a sight of sin and its horror in yourself, it does shake you and make you cry out in agony, but all our further knowledge of God's Spirit has lifted us each one after the storm into a deeper calm. . . . Lately, when I had to watch someone go through agony of soul, I felt absolutely calm and unmoved—except in prayer; I knew God was working, you see.

(*Sept.* 19*th*, 1910.)

The greatest consolation to me is that, through everything, the most extraordinary manifestations in other people have not touched or excited me; you would realise that, had you been in Bombay. Even now it is wonderful to me that the greatest manifestations of the love of God come to me either in solitude, or suddenly while I am sitting quite quiet and composed beside someone who little suspects what is going on within me.

This last letter was written during her furlough in England, in 1910. After this, though there was one visit to Mukti, in 1911, the subject ceases to be central in her thoughts.

The Revival did however affect Mary's life seriously in one way, for having about this time begun another book, *The Quest of Gervase*, she believed herself called by God to lay it aside, as writing fiction was so absorbing to her. Only ten years later was it resumed, when the condition she had set herself, that of being directly asked to continue it, was fulfilled by a request from

someone who had greatly appreciated the earlier allegory *Earl Osric's Minstrel.* The real reason for the laying aside of the story she so loved writing is revealed in her letter to me :—

It seems foolish that it should be so hard to yield in a thing like that, but unless He gives the sign it will never be finished ; and I don't want you to think that God is unreasonable ; there is reason in this dealing, for I know that though most of these things are religious, I have got into the way of regarding them apart from God to some extent, and taking too intense a pleasure in them and the gains I got by them ; perhaps you won't understand, perhaps you will ; but in any case you can pray that my consecration may be accomplished—not for my sake, but that Christ may be satisfied and that the Parsis may be blessed ; for I do believe that God is going to bless them mightily this cold weather, and one wants to be willing to be nothing and to bear humbling, if that is the only way of doing it all.

Gradually the whole movement quieted down ; sounder ways of spiritual life superseded these exceptional ones. Mary learned to be content with the other " gifts " which were so undoubtedly hers, and with helping many people into a deeper life than they had known before.

She did not cease, though, to uphold the fact that, though so many spoke against the whole Revival, it was of God ; and after a lapse of several years, she was called on to do this, sorely against her will, at a British Student Movement Conference at Swanwick.

Professor —— was lecturing on Corinthians, and I attended the one on the Spiritual Gifts section. . . . He seemed to sweep everything away—the tongues were mere excitement !—most undesirable ! At the discussion which followed, I felt I must speak, and though

I confess it made me feel quite shaky, I told them what had happened in Bombay, not disguising the unseemliness of some things. As I spoke, I realised myself that we had absolutely gone through the Corinthian experience, and that it was perhaps because they had declared that they alone had the Holy Spirit, that Paul had written to them of the love (without which any manifestation is quite empty) which doth not behave itself unseemly, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. The interest, as I went on, was intense, and a number made appointments to talk it over. Professor —— showed himself truly great by acknowledging his inexperience and being willing to be found wrong. Then Canon —— came and had a long talk, and he, though frankly incredulous at first, was also childlike and beautiful in his desire to learn of God. . . .

One girl said to me that to know such things *could* happen made the Bible seem real. It is pathetic when you really touch souls, to see how they long for the sight of Christ and for His spiritual touch.

Returning to our story from these more recent times, we find that on Mary's arrival in Bombay in 1910, she started almost at once with Winifred Griffiths for Lanouli, to go into Retreat—the first opportunity in the Bombay diocese for women to have such a period of spiritual refreshment.

As, from beginning to end of Mary's life, prayer, both individual and in groups, was an absolute essential of her ideal, naturally the close of a period of special "revival" by no means lessened this. To some of Mary's fellow-workers, her habit of attending three separate prayer-meetings each week, and her wish that they should attend too, proved more than they could appreciate of this particular form of religious work. Yet one of her companions, now working in another Mission, says that looking back she has learned to

appreciate more than ever the way Mary made room for quiet spaces in the midst of very busy days, a thing so few people in India seem to accomplish.

The problem of the right guidance by an older worker of the younger recruits becomes in all missions a very important matter, and the Settlement had much concern with this particular problem of training, because as a Mission it had two special characteristics; first, working principally in English, it could make use of young College graduates who could not pledge themselves for the full length of service which makes it worth while to learn a language, and therefore Mary was constantly training " short-service " workers; the second characteristic was that having only one centre of work, unattached to any larger Mission, there was no alternative place to which any member of the Settlement could be passed on, were she not to prove altogether happy in her first surroundings.

It really says much for the inner spirit of the Settlement, that in spite of having women of strong character living and working together, drawn from very diverse conditions, both in England and Australasia, there was such an atmosphere of concord and harmony. But it would be false to one of the most acute problems of missionary life to minimise the fact that the possibilities of friction could only be overcome by a prayerful, wide-hearted effort.

One woman who knew the Settlement very intimately, yet from outside, doubts if any other young workers in India were as much loved and mothered as those who came to live with Mary Dobson. Light is thrown on the subject by a short-service Settler. " When I arrived in Bombay the personal touch with

Mary was that of her mother-nature. I think I was infantile then in many ways. As the days went on, one saw her highly-strung nature suffering many jars —and there grew a bond of great sympathy deepening into great love—and some of her ideals became my ideals and some of her teachings will be mine for life. Her love of purity seemed to enter the whole of life, and her love of truth—truth as the opposite of deceit. How thankful I am to have known her."

There was little that Mary would not have done for these younger members of the staff, though perhaps, like many a mother, she found it hard to realise when her fledglings should be set free to fly alone ; yet even her difficulty in delegating work seemed to grow less towards the end, according to the testimony of one trained under her just before she left India. " Mary trusted even new-comers to do their own job. She offered advice and suggestion when it was wanted, but left plenty of freedom, so that one felt straightway that one had a place and contribution, however small, to make, and this I found a tremendous help in the days of loneliness and abysmal ignorance of one's first year in India. Perhaps what impressed me most in Mary was her recognition of the right of other people to have an opinion different from her own, even on a point that was vitally important to her. This was perhaps especially attractive to me, because some of Mary's views seemed to me rather narrow ones, associated in my mind with a certain amount of intolerance and bigotry in those who held them."

It was not easy—it could not well be easy—for Mary, with her dread of perhaps yielding some point of vital importance if she altered her views at all, to

fit in always with the younger generation of workers, and had it not been for her real devotion, her transparent unworldliness, and her rich and loving nature, many more would have been the difficulties. For instance: she carried out in India the same principle of never driving on Sunday that had governed her action at home. In India, where the coachmen were non-Christians, who would not in any case have attended Church, the principle (so most of us felt) did not apply. Once only apparently did she break through this Sabbatical rule; one of the Settlers had to be taken to Hospital and Mary and a nurse drove down with her.

She was troubled when some of the Settlement accepted invitations to meals on Sunday, and she herself always declined, and explained her reasons. Her attitude was not merely negative; she was convinced of the poverty of any life bereft of leisure to commune with God, so Sunday was precious, as at last she could with a clear conscience have unbroken periods for study and prayer and praise. There were delightful times of music on Sunday in the Settlement, and Mary's insistence on a day apart, however much it sometimes ran counter to modern ideas, certainly brought its reward in many ways. Naturally the use of Sunday was not the only habit which showed her Evangelical heredity. She had never danced, and wrote to remonstrate strongly with a missionary friend who did so for once. Her courage in holding to principles, whatever the inconvenience to herself, won her fellow-workers' respect, even though her sense of proportion did not always appeal to them, and they sometimes grew impatient at what seemed unnecessary scruples.

Mary's letters, however intimate, rarely told where the little jars and frets of daily life in a community pressed ; only to those of us responsible for finding and training new missionaries would she sometimes mention the problems she was facing.

I think it should be impressed on young workers who come out that they should to some extent obey the older members of the Settlement, and that to a limited extent there is a " head " to the Settlement, *i.e.*, the oldest missionary there. The other day the young ones retailed to me a conversation they had had with the M.'s, in which they told them that there was no head here, that they were quite willing to listen to the suggestions of the older missionaries, but they described the Settlement as a sort of headless republic. This conversation explained to me at once several little difficulties that had arisen—the usual old things—the new arrivals refusing to wear dark glasses and all getting bad eyes in consequence, and many other like things, and there had been a sort of resentment to my mild suggestions (for I assure you they got more and more mild to avoid difficulties), which made things very hard. I think the idea of one woman lording it over others is horrid, and I don't want that. . . . I think of course that it is harder for students, who have been so independent, to learn to live to a little extent under authority, and yet I don't know why it should be ! But you know what fearfully foolish things " griffins " do, and one longs to spare them !

Some sad experiences of the failure of health of new recruits made Mary write very strongly on the necessity of fuller medical examination at home.

I cannot help feeling that in future we must never accept those who have had nerve trouble. That is partly the advantage of some sort of training ; without it one has no conception of how much *steady-going* work

a person can do; persons who do work on their own account so often work by fits and starts.

In matters of mental and spiritual fitness Mary felt that sufficient attention had not been paid to the advice of the Heads of Training Institutions who counselled longer probations. It seemed to her better for work to drop for a while than for any one to gain spiritual experience on the spot at the expense of the Indians' spiritual experience.

Writing to Jessie Lindsay after she left India, Mary expresses herself with especial openness.

As a rule the modern trained girl has not the old ideal of self-denial; you hear girls say that you ought to live as comfortably as you can as a missionary; they seem to think that to have come out at all is quite sufficient. Then in the old days it used to be the idea that, if you came out as a missionary, you must be willing to do whatever you were called upon to do in the way of speaking or praying; now I can think of quite a row of the younger ones who would refuse to do many of the obvious things a missionary should, saying that it is not their forte! Then I have scarcely come across a single missionary who, when she came out, knew how to deal with vermin; they have to learn to their cost and it sometimes means that a great deal of work falls on one single person. Again many girls are unacquainted with the elements of the facts of life and have no conception of the immorality that goes on, sometimes in their own compound, or among the girls of whom they are in charge.

While, however, Mary might sometimes deplore certain lacks in character or training, she was equally quick to note and appreciate the good qualities, and to try to help where it was needed.

Whether at home, or in the mission field, the matter

of adjustment to life and to one's fellows is the great test of character and the means for growth, so there is no biography that could not have its interesting story of how those adjustments were made. But not all could tell of a loyalty like Mary's, that so continuously sealed her lips as to any of the troubles and sorrows of such occasional clashes of character.

One who loved her and worked with her has sketched in some of the causes of difficulty: "Mary had been brought up with such strict ideas and with such a great reverence for those older than herself—especially her parents—that she felt it actually wrong to depart from their ideas and ways. Also her thoroughness and mathematical exactness (correct rhymes and correct phrasing in music, for example) gave her, I think, a habit of making the smallest act a matter of principle, so that a very little thing in itself became a serious matter and a potential cause of misunderstanding and even of friction." Younger women too sometimes felt that they and Mary talked such different languages that they hardly understood each other's speech. But in the end love finds a language that transcends differences of upbringing, and so it proved constantly.

A little glimpse of Mary comes in the following letter from Margaret Spencer-Smith, of the Y.W.C.A. staff.

I shut my eyes and see the Settlement garden and hear the high chatter of students at play Miss Dobson is walking beside me, weaving a spray of hibiscus, and developing the theme that the deeper things of life can only be expressed in symbols—as less limiting than words, though still inadequate. . . . I have memories of her seated in that little picture-hung slip of a room, discoursing on Blake's Job, or symbolic water-colours by that friend of hers; on the prophecies of Daniel and

their fulfilment in modern life; on the early days of the "tongues" movement in India, or the communion of Saints; on mysticism and everyday life; on the functions of beauty. I think that what I treasured in her was not her gifts or her opinions (I often differed with them) but her most interesting personality, an unescapable force whose intensity held you, even when it repelled you. There are just a few people in the world who do the young the inestimable service of showing that certain conventions in conduct, art, thought, etc., are only rule-of-thumb, useful, working principles, not Divine laws. With all the contradictions of her character and its lovable idiosyncrasies, Miss Dobson gave me this impression of life, or more correctly, deepened a dumb intuition. She was too alive to need a framework of support.

A tribute of a different kind comes from one who has succeeded her in Bombay and has discovered the wonderful way in which she was beloved there: "I always wish I could have known Mary at work in the Settlement. . . . I am struck again and again by the wisdom and foresight she showed in laying the foundations of the work."

Another missionary lays stress on Mary's daring, her sweetness, her quietness, "like the quietness of the deep sea."

There are few leaders with the power Mary Dobson displayed and the rock-like strength of character, who would not be described by some people as "difficult," while others find in them a kindred soul. Some suggest that Mary was better fitted to be the centre of a group of ardent disciples, an itinerant band of Franciscans, than to be the head of a Settlement. Yet may it not have been of greater moment to the world that God should call her to association with women of varying

temperaments, so that each supplementing the other, they should build up a "home" with its manifold activities and influences, rather than that she should gather together a body of like-minded women willing to follow implicitly the suggestions of their leader?

CHAPTER IX

GULBAI AND OTHERS. 1908—1914

THE year 1908 forms a landmark ; from now onwards imagination must picture a very different Settlement, for at last a house was found, nearer to the Colleges and large enough to accommodate both the Settlement and the Hostel for women students. For the early dream of a Hostel had begun to come true in 1906, though for a time the two buildings were in different parts of Bombay, and one or other of the Settlers therefore lived away in Byculla, to take charge of the group of medical students there.

Meantime Mary Dobson had, in the Settlement itself, been admitting some Parsi boarders to learn handicrafts, such as leather-work and paper-flower making, which she had herself studied while on furlough, hoping that industrial work might some day give a means of livelihood to young converts. One of the first guests was Gulbai Vakil, later to become one of Mary's most devoted friends. The fact of leaving home to train for a secretarial post had been a great departure from Parsi convention, still more her decision to live at the Settlement. She proved to be a girl with a truly spiritual mind, who enjoyed the Psalms as expressing so much of her own experience ; she was also deeply interested in other religions, sometimes distressing Mary by her sympathy with theosophy. Her stay in the Settlement

began to give confidence to others, and encouraged Mary to look forward to having " up-country " Parsis, and perhaps even Hindus and Mohammedans, in residence.

The new house was a fine two-storied bungalow for the Settlement itself, with an L-shaped addition admirably suited for the students' rooms.

In 1909 Mary reported officially on the first six months of work :—

Our hearts are full of thankfulness, for we feel how really God has blessed us, and how, through all the difficulties of the time of waiting for a house, His guiding hand was over us. . . . Up to the present, in the main, the Hostel students have been Europeans or Eurasians ; it is a most uncommon thing for non-Christians ever to board with Christians, but we prayed that God would send them to us, and our prayer is being answered. First of all two Parsis came into residence to learn the art of leather-work. Then Gulbai came to stay for a while again. After she had left us, matters made it expedient for her to give up the work she was doing, and we asked her whether she would come and learn the leather-work so as to superintend it as it grew, and also do certain household duties. Gulbai, with true business instinct, drew up a somewhat lengthy but extremely sensible agreement, one clause of which exacted that Christianity should not be *forced* on her, but she agreed to keep the rules of the house, that house being a Christian one. Meanwhile a young Mohammedan student has come to live here too—a student from Wilson College—and she seems such a delightful girl. Then I must not forget to tell you about a young Jewish girl from Calcutta, formerly a teacher, who wished to become a Christian, and has met with very harsh treatment from her relatives in consequence. When all are back from the holidays there will be thirteen. One is a young Portuguese lady-doctor who

qualified from the Hostel, and who is now doing post-graduate study ; she is of course a Roman Catholic.

All this will show you how many creeds and nationalities are gathered together now in the Settlement, and we glory in the fact. Some non-Christians are so amazed when they see and hear it, for they would not have believed such a thing possible, and it is only the love of God that makes it so.

The Hostel and its tennis court (a very poor one unfortunately) soon became a centre for students other than the small number in residence, and the head-quarters for all Y.W.C.A. work in the Bombay Colleges.

We are doing all we can to get in touch with the women-students of the various Colleges, visiting the common-rooms and taking them flowers, etc. The Hostel students here gave a special students' tea-party a short time ago, acting as hostesses themselves. Such a nice number came, of various nationalities, and they seemed to enjoy themselves greatly. We closed by singing a hymn together, and it seemed like a forecast of coming blessings.

With the enlarged house, and with the loan of the big Money School (C.M.S.) close by, a very successful Student Conference took place ; professors from two of the Colleges addressed meetings, as did also well-known Bombay residents such as Sir Walter Hughes and Sir Henry Procter. The Hon. Emily Kinnaird, a leading member of the World's Y.W.C.A., on a visit to India, also spoke.

The outstanding feature seems to have been the courage with which shy students for the first time took part themselves, and among them was Gulbai's sister, a medical student from Poona.

We had a time of prayer the very day before the

Conference (after dinner at night) to which even busy men like Sir Walter managed to come. Gulbai was very comical on that occasion, without meaning it. She had been told to go to bed, but was discovered fussing over the coffee at the close, and said in awe-struck tones: "After coffee more prayers?" which speech has almost become a Settlement classic now; she thought we were going on most of the night, with intervals for refreshments.

Evidently, besides the emphasis on prayer, one of the outstanding impressions of the Settlement in its new Hostel life was the spirit of love that reigned in the house. People constantly commented on it, and one Parsi resident, returning from a visit to non-Christian Parsis, was heard to say as she turned in at the gate, "Here we are at last, back at our peaceful Settlement; how glad I am to be here."

Just before leaving Bombay for England with Mrs. Sethna, a Parsi friend, in 1910, Mary at last published the collection of poems called *Songs in a Strange Land* which Edythe Crosthwait, the Settlement Secretary in England, had urged her to bring out, as she felt sure there would be a sale for them among the many college and school branches at home.

That autumn Mary's return to Bombay lifted a heavy responsibility from Winifred Griffiths and Ada Carruthers (Sydney University), for she was now at last the acknowledged Head with the title of "Warden," though one of the other Settlers was always appointed Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. branches among students and schoolgirls.

During Mary's absence the students in residence had founded the "Unity Club," with its loyalty rule; no member might say anything in criticism of another

except in that member's presence. As everyone living in the Hostel joined the Unity Club, this rule became a part of the Settlement life, and it coincided with Mary's own strong convictions. The students did not seem to find it a difficult rule to keep, for they were not troubled with shyness, and expressed their opinion of each other's doings with much frankness and plenty of good-humoured banter. Indeed, Mary had occasionally to urge "telling the truth with love," and not indulging in too much criticism even of those present.

The next interesting addition to the household was a Jain lady from the north, of whom Mary gives us the picture :—

"Lady Jane," as we called her, lived downstairs and prepared her own food, for being a caste woman she would not touch anything out of our vessels. Miss Harris, a friend of ours who came out for two months to see the Settlement, read the Bible with her every day, and found her a most thoughtful woman, though she seemed convinced to the end that the Jain religion was the best, and had a strange way of drawing conclusions ; for example, she announced that if babes who died went straight to God, then it were far better to kill them all to make their salvation certain, as later, through sin, they might miss the way of salvation ! This from a Jain was absolutely amazing ! "Lady Jane" has gone now, and her visit seems like a dream. Before she left, our numbers had risen to twenty-eight in the house.

The question naturally arises, whether in the Hostel, with its students belonging to various religions, Mary Dobson would alter her habit of open proclamation of the Christian basis of Settlement work. But the word "compromise" had no place in her vocabulary. She

wrote that, in spite of the cosmopolitan nature of the household, the greatest harmony prevailed; the non-Christians attended prayers, but were not obliged to kneel, so that they should not feel themselves forced into any act of worship. When at one of the ever-recurring times of agitation about the Settlement, a Parsi father wrote wishing for a promise that his daughter should not be persuaded to become a Christian, Mary promptly replied that already they had done all they could to win her for Christ, but that of course Christianity would not be *forced* on her. To everyone's amazement the girl was allowed to return to the Hostel.

Personal work among students and committee work were alike dependent on contact with God.

(*March 3rd*, 1911.)

This week has been a very Committeeish one, as people came from far and near to attend the sub-committees of the I.N.C.* I do in one sense dislike committees, although I see the use and sense of them. But unless people are all prayerful and of one mind it is always difficult.

I have been so busy to-day getting off the programme for the Student Conference to the printers. Isn't it nice, the Bishop has promised to give the first address here at the Settlement! I was so glad when the other day I went to consult him about something, and he would give no answer, but said he must pray for guidance first. I like a person to do that; some people speak so hastily as it seemeth good to them, and then everything goes wrong. To-morrow we are having a whole day of prayer—not a Settlement one, but a parish one got up by Mr. Sharpley; the people are to meet here, however, as we at last have a prayer-room. It has been fitted up accordingly; to-morrow will be its

* Indian National Council of the Young Women's Christian Association.

GULBAI VAKIL.

first public use, and we are all putting aside our work to join in the day. It comes as such a rest in the midst of busy-ness, and one thanks God for the opportunity. We are to have one every month.

That Settlement prayer-room witnessed many an earnest conversation between Mary and some of her non-Christian friends, for, to her distress, they were steeped in theosophical ideas and would talk to any extent about re-incarnation and punishment for sin, and yet as regards real Christianity and its demands, fear of consequences still ruled.

She was encouraged, though, by some evidences of growing interest in Christianity. One year there was exhibited in Bombay a cinematograph on the " Life of Christ," and to her surprise, it was said to be crowded out night after night by Parsis.

The " Lotus Club," an important piece of Settlement work, came into existence about this time. It soon had some thirty non-Christian ladies in its membership, meeting once a fortnight, with the study of social problems as one of its objects. The meetings always ended with the hymn, " God is working His purpose out." At the request of the Indian members, a few English ladies were admitted to the Club too, thus making one more link between those of different nationalities.

Social Service was in the air, and the Settlement workers were interwoven with the aspirations of the educated women of Western India, constantly helping them to face the greater responsibilities of the new era. Gulbai also, after two years in the Hostel, wanted to dedicate her life to some such work. But there was great consternation when she decided to leave and go

to Calcutta to learn nursing. In Hospital, there, she so missed the Bible reading and prayer to which she had grown accustomed, that she arranged for an English friend to take her to Church each Sunday evening. The House surgeon, a former Hostel resident, was very kind to Gulbai ; " *very* different from many of the nurses, who seem no such thing as Christian at all ! " Then for a year or so, we hear little of her, though Mary and other Settlers kept up the contact by letters and by prayer.

The staff of the Settlement, during the period covered by this chapter, had included not only those already mentioned, but three short-service workers, Gina Barbour, Frances Sharp and Rosamund Impey Besides them, Edythe Crosthwait (Alexandra College, Dublin) had paid a winter's visit to Bombay in 1909—1910, which paved the way for her to become one of the permanent staff from 1912 onwards till her marriage in 1918. In 1912, Evelyn Gedge (Cheltenham Ladies' College) joined the Settlement, and her violin made many fresh openings. That first autumn, among other things, the two musicians gave lectures on music, illustrated by violin and piano, to the Y.M.C.A. and the Indian National Association.

As Warden of the Settlement, and as one long resident in Bombay, Mary was increasingly called on to take part in educational and other Councils, and we find that this year marked the opening for her of very important relationships with the Representative Council of Missions, following Dr. John R. Mott's visit in November.

Next year, Mary Dobson was one of the group of five, selected by that Council, to whom was remitted the

question of the advisability of a Women's Christian College being founded in Bombay. It required hours of work, for very careful calculations were necessary. Unfortunately, too, the conflicting ideas of the different denominations entailed much discussion, and Mary was distressed because this lack of co-operation in the Christian Church threatened to block advance, and was so perplexing to non-Christians.

The whole question of separate Women's Colleges, rather than mere Hostels, had been brought forcibly to the minds of many in India during the early part of the year 1913 by the visit of an educational deputation consisting of Miss McDougall (then lecturer at Westfield College, London), and Miss Roberts (head-mistress of the Bradford Girls' Grammar School). Mary arranged to be in Poona with them, to see the schools and colleges, and to speak at a meeting, held at Miss Sorabji's school, for the Daughters of Empire League.

Their visit to Bombay included a very successful gathering of women students, and later a very important meeting to which all the leading educationalists, (missionary and government) were invited.

We asked Miss McDougall and Miss Roberts to give their candid impressions of the women's educational work in this country, and then we asked for criticisms and suggestions, so that no false idea might go home (to England). The conversation afterwards was very interesting ; the Head of the Government Arts College seemed most keen, and everyone was enthusiastic about the meeting ; it certainly seemed to draw together government and missions. Finally a smaller meeting of a more private nature, but of vital importance, was held for the ladies of the Christian College Committee ; the College, as you know, is *in nubibus* at

present, but may in time become an accomplished fact.

In the annals of the Settlement, however, the year 1913 will always be identified with Gulbai Vakil's baptism. From Calcutta she had written to Mary Dobson, that she felt sure she was right in not becoming a Christian, for if she did, all Parsis would cease to come to the Settlement, whereas now they were coming in increasing numbers. Mary's distress at this idea evidently made Gulbai wonder whether, instead, God was saying to her, " You are to be the one who is to come out and teach your people to be baptised in the name of Christ." Conviction came finally to her through reading the story of our Lord's baptism, as she sat in the ward on night duty. This story had seemed to her a mere fable, but suddenly it flashed on her, that it was true that God had spoken from heaven acknowledging Christ as His Son. Going to her room she used Christ's name for the first time in her prayers ; then wrote to tell her friend that she wanted to become a Christian.

Mary gives her mother the next chapter of the story :—

Gulbai appeared from Calcutta last Monday looking rather thin. She has agreed to come here as housekeeper, and is so pleased to be in the house again. I have told her that I cannot let her take prayers for the servants until she is baptised. She still hesitates about that, as she feels it will be so hard for her mother to have the whole community blaming her for her daughter's doings. Of course she ought to let all that go, but it is difficult to realise all that it means to her. She has developed wonderfully, and is so decided in her views and faith.

After a short visit to her home, Gulbai returned to

Bombay, having decided to be baptised at once. She wrote to her mother and all her leading relations, besides drawing up a statement to be sent to the High Priest in Bombay, which he published in the papers :—

Reverend Sir, I beg to inform you by this, that the Parsi religion being proved dissatisfactory to me owing to its outward forms and ceremonies, such as the caste system, saying prayers in Zend, the unknown language, the cruel system of giving the dead to the vultures, etc., I am going to accept Christianity and be baptised on Sunday, the 5th instant, in the Girgaum Mission Church at 11 a.m. I am one of the hundreds of Parsis who have no faith in such forms as above, and have never observed them, without which, according to the Parsi belief, no Parsi could be called a real Zorohosti, nor accepted by Zoroaster as his follower. As a matter of fact, I am at present neither a Parsi nor a Christian, which has been troubling me a lot, and find myself, as well as all the others in the above state, the most dishonest people before God. Because to adopt the religious principles of a nation, and not accept the Teacher, is nothing but hypocrisy.

Looking at the present religious condition of the Parsis and the stages of mind they are reached to, it is obvious that they are in need of quite a new religion, and that new religion most suitable would be Christianity only. It is true that Zoroaster also teaches the worship of the same one God, but the system he gives for it is suitable to the orthodox people only. When God saw that the people wanted a better method of worship, He sent another Teacher, Jesus Christ, with a religion which would suit all the nations in all the ages. He was not only a prophet like Zoroaster and the others, but the real Incarnation of God Himself ; which could be plainly seen from His sinless and spotless life, that He lived on earth, like which no human being has ever lived nor can ever in the future. I firmly believe that whoever believes in Him and takes Him as one's own

personal Saviour, He bestows one with His Own Holy Spirit and gives His Own eternal peace.

In short, allow me to conclude this by saying that it is my earnest desire that all the Parsis would see the real need of the change of religion altogether for the whole community, as I have been fortunate to see, and take this event of my conversion as an example of that long-standing need.

Yours faithfully,

GULBAI I. VAKIL.

Extracts from Mary's letter to her Mother on October 4th, 1913, tell us that :—

Gulbai was baptised yesterday at 8 o'clock in the morning. We began to send out the letters of announcement the Monday before, and then the excitement began, and we had several awful days before the baptism, with relations calling and expostulating. Her old Mother came down all the way from Panchgani, and that interview was the most trying. Gulbai then said she could wait no longer, but that she must be baptised the next day instead of Sunday.

It was a most impressive service. She was immersed, as they have a beautiful immersion font at the C.M.S. (Church). . . . In spite of the change of time, about a hundred were present. Gulbai was calm and quiet and gave all her answers distinctly. We did not let her enter the Settlement again, but she went off midday with Miss Crosthwait to Nagpur.

I have not time to tell you of the scenes that took place after she had gone, when relations and a reporter appeared at intervals, but we have been helped through.

(*Oct. 22nd*, 1913.)

Gulbai was confirmed yesterday. Only two others were confirmed with her, a young Hindu converted a short time back, and a young Englishman. . . . The Bishop changed the form of question to suit her case, as

she was not baptised in infancy, and he gave a very helpful address and also prayed extempore at the end.

The newspapers are at last beginning to stop abusing; it is a good thing, for they were dreadful, and though Gulbai has been a brick about it all, it really was trying to find columns against yourself in the paper each morning, and I think it told a little on her nerves and she was always thinking out or writing answers!

This morning a telegram has come from a Parsi up-country, congratulating her on coming out and asking her prayers; the letters we have had have been most strange and interesting.

Gulbai was soon back in her old post as housekeeper, and every one wondered whether the Parsis would desert their Settlement friends, but in the end only two Parsi girls were withdrawn from the Hostel, and three new ones came in their place. For some months, however, the outside work among the Parsis and their visits to the Settlement were greatly lessened. "It has meant a great sifting of false and true; some of the ones we trusted most are against us, while on the other hand those we thought did not care much have stood by us."

Gulbai, with her happy face, was the best advertisement for Christianity. Letters speak of her as a treasure in the house, going about all her work so quietly, never getting ruffled with the servants (a new virtue), gradually by her kindness and thoughtfulness winning back even those Hostel members who were a little shy of her after her conversion.

(*Dec. 19th*, 1913.)

We have been very busy this last week trying to get the Christmas invitations out, and arranging everything. We started last night with the Student Social,

which was a great success. An astonishing number of College professors and tutors turned up, Parsis, etc. I can only think that they were anxious to see the house and Gulbai, for in the medical college in particular a gentleman had circulated a pamphlet against Gulbai and also proving that Jesus Christ was the disciple of Zoroaster (one really wonders whatever they *will* try to prove next). The feeling last night was charming ; all were very cordial and seemed quite delighted with the place.

Busy as Gulbai was as housekeeper, it did not satisfy her eager desire to prove her Christianity in social service, and to make use of her nurse's training. The Governor's wife, Lady Willingdon, took a great interest in a new municipal nursing scheme. At a meeting, where an appeal was made for volunteer visitors, Gulbai was the only woman in the whole city to volunteer. Shortly after this, Lady Willingdon paid her promised visit to the Settlement. Great were the preparations for the Governor's wife, and tragic the fact that, in the effort to stain the table, the Common Room carpet was entirely spoiled ! Nothing damped the warmth of her reception, though, nor the pleasure she gave by shaking hands with each student, and talking especially to Gulbai.

It is satisfactory to know that Gulbai's work proved so good, that some months later Lady Willingdon said in conversation, " Gulbai Vakil is splendid," and at a public meeting many Parsis sat and listened to the interesting report given by their compatriot, so lately reviled by some of her audience.

The interest of Government House in the Settlement work was soon exemplified in another way. Mary had known for some time that Lady Hardinge, wife of the

Viceroy, was interested in the question of Hostels for women, and had wished for a chance of consulting her. Just before leaving India on furlough she had an opportunity at last of meeting her.

(*March 21st*, 1914.)

I went up yesterday to the garden party at Government House to meet the Viceroy and Lady Hardinge ; it is one of the few things that I feel I can go to at Government House, and it was quite interesting. Lord and Lady Willingdon received us all (about 1,500 people were present) and then we wandered about the grounds. Then the Viceroy and Lady Hardinge arrived and came among the people, shaking hands with those whom Lady Willingdon or H. E. presented. Lady W. very kindly took me up, rather to my consternation, for it was so unexpected, and I had a nice little talk with Lady Hardinge. I have been so long now in Bombay that at any large gathering I know so many people that it is like going to a family party, and it was very nice to see so many friends yesterday, and it gave me an opportunity of saying good-bye to many on my departure for England.

This voyage brought to Mary her "heart's desire" of paying a short visit to the Holy Land, invited and escorted there by Miss Harris. Ever after, her poems and other work bore traces of the vividness gained by meditating on the Master in the midst of His homeland, and one imaginative story of Christ in Capernaum, *Hard by the Land of Dreams*, has great charm.

It was a hurried furlough she spent in England, overshadowed in the end by the war. Mary underwent a slight operation, and in Hospital, by a curious coincidence, once again came across Lady Hardinge, a contact that made Mary feel even more deeply the loss that India sustained in her death soon after.

By this time the staff responsible in London for the whole work of the Mission had changed hands. Edythe Crosthwait had gone out to India; Elsie Boyd (Newnham) had succeeded C. F. Stocks (St. Andrews' University); with each in turn worked Eline Kitching (Westfield College), until she, too, joined the group in Bombay; but this was much later.

The years chronicled in this chapter had not been unproductive for Mary, and just before her furlough *The Lotus Pool*, a collection of poetry specially written as a "reader" for Indian schools, had made its appearance. "The Sweetmeat seller," "The Camel man" and other familiar figures of Eastern life, have since then helped English children to see India with new eyes, as well as acting as a stepping-stone to the English language for Indian children. About this same time Mary brought out some Love-lyrics under the title *Songs of the Love Divine*—poems worthy of a more permanent shrine than the little booklet privately printed.

On the return voyage to India, her literary work took a new turn, "reading Indian history, and boiling it down to simple rhymes for use in the schools." These verses about the "strange old kings" were refused, and still lie in manuscript. One publisher wanted verses on Rāma and Sita added, which Mary utterly refused, as she did not consider them historical personages. But there was little leisure, in December, 1914, to spend on ancient history, when modern history was being fought out on many battlefields; and we must turn to the war years in India.

CHAPTER X

WIDE-REACHING INFLUENCE. 1914—1917

No sooner had Mary Dobson reached Bombay in December, 1914, than at once she was drawn into war interests, for her eighteen years of life in Bombay had opened up many an avenue for influence. Her Parsi friends too welcomed her, and were clearly determined to forget the Gulbai incidents.

The Hostel was full as ever ; the workers few as ever to meet not only the needs of the ordinary work, but the new calls of those critical days. The regular staff, Mary, Edythe Crosthwait, Evelyn Gedge and Florence Hoyte (Westfield College) were never all in Bombay together because of furloughs or sick leave, and short-service workers were not as available as usual, when war-work was drawing on the resources of all British graduates.

The war years will stand out in the history of many lands, and not least so in India, as the moment of revelation of the talents hidden in womanhood—talents hitherto so largely confined to the home, but now to find a wider field of usefulness.

Small groups of advanced Indian ladies had been making essays in philanthropic and social service, but until a great national crisis occurred, such a breaking of the shackles of custom seemed unlikely to affect quickly the masses of Hindu or Mohammedan women,

the great conservative force of the millions of India. Many more of the menfolk, it is true, had already altered their whole way of life, compelled thereto by modern education. But comparatively few had been able to persuade the ladies of their households to share in this emancipation, except where the Samāj Movement, or Christianity, had grown strong.

From 1914 onwards, the advances were unprecedented, for a war in which the British Empire played so important a part, drawing on India for a section of its great army, forced even the exclusive East to take interest in other lands, and gave an incentive to social service, strong enough to overcome the caste and other restrictions. Many of Mary Dobson's Indian friends had been learning their apprenticeship either in University life, or by belonging to the *Seva Sadan*,* or the National Indian Association. Now had come the moment for action.

The Lotus Club (Indian and English) was working hard for the soldiers ; some members were too busy to come to its meetings except just to fetch their work, but for others it proved a great chance for informal discussions on the war, so engrossing that even shy members forgot to be nervous and learned to express themselves.

One great effect of Relief work was to weld together many classes of women ; another, to Mary's joy, was to give some of the non-Christians an impulse to join with Christians in intercession. An impressive service to pray for unity was held in Bombay Cathedral.

* The *Seva Sadan* was a society composed entirely of Indian ladies, founded in the 'nineties in Bombay, to undertake various kinds of social work.

Numbers of Indians were present ; the lessons were read in three languages ; hymns, such as " The Church's one foundation," were sung also in different languages simultaneously, and then there were times of silence, for meditation or prayer—the whole producing a great sense of the unity so desired.

As Bombay became the base for the Mesopotamian Expedition, numbers of wounded men poured into the various Hospitals. Some of the Hostel students were doing their medical work in the Jamsetji Hospital, so Mary visited there with them, and saw terrible cases of jaw wounds, of scurvy and of enteric, but in spite of this " the Gurkhas are the gayest, happiest little fellows you ever saw ; one or two of them used to keep the whole ward in fits of laughter."

The loneliness of the Australian military nurses made many of them welcome the chance of a tea or dinner at the Settlement, for which they had an open invitation. Mary, discovering that one of them had formerly been a missionary in Syria, could not of course forbear asking her hundreds of questions about the Holy Land.

Lectures on various aspects of the war, on sex questions, and on the ideal of a chivalrous man, were also part of Mary's contributions of help. Gifts of oratory were not hers in any especial measure, but she had won a position of respect, educationally, and was often expected to take part in public functions.

In 1915 such an invitation brought her into contact with the well-known Indian poet and orator, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, for the latter presided at a great women's meeting held in honour of the ninety-first birthday of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, the " grand old man " of Western India, who had done much for the cause of the educa-

tion of women. Mary Dobson knew him well, so to her was assigned the honour of seconding the motion of congratulation to him. A few months later the students invited Mrs. Naidu to dine at the Settlement, where she won Mary's heart by selecting among her recitations the poem which she declared was Austin Dobson's favourite, for shortly before she had been staying in England with Sir Edmund Gosse, and at his house had met her fellow-poet. In Mary's account of Mrs. Naidu's charm, the wistful expression comes : "If only she were a Christian, what a tremendous influence she would have."

Frequently the Settlers were guests of those English women who were trying to make more opportunities for Indian and English ladies to meet each other. On one such occasion, at Lady Scott's, Mary and Evelyn Gedge were wanted " to make music." They were the first to arrive, closely followed by a Mohammedan barrister and his wife, the latter gorgeously arrayed in gold lace. Mary was entertaining her in the tea room when she suddenly begged to go out into the garden and there confided her terror at the sight of the men present, for this was only the second time in her life that she had been out of her *purdah* seclusion. To Mary such an appeal was irresistible, and she did her best to comfort the little lady and to stay beside her, so as to introduce her to people who would not alarm her.

Another interest of these years was the founding of a Graduates' Union. Mary Dobson was on the Committee of the Bombay branch of the Association of University Women in India, but this body unfortunately admitted only British graduates, educated in England. So from 1913 onwards, Mary had set herself to initiate a Union for Indian women students.

Out of the 136 women graduates of Bombay University in the previous twenty years, 92 were non-Christian (mainly Parsi, with some Hindus and some Jewesses) and of the 44 Christians nearly all were Roman Catholic. To Mary it seemed important that the sense of fellowship, gained by groups so diverse, should be maintained after graduation. Two years later the result of her efforts is apparent.

(*Dec.* 18, 1915.)

To-day is rather an important meeting for women graduates at the University Convocation Hall; a Graduate Union for Women is to be formally started. I have been asked to represent the English, and was in with the Hindu representative helping her to perfect her performance for the occasion. I am taking the ideal for such a Union and quoting from one of the Reports of the *Seva Sadan:* "In the name of Him who has given us so many benedictions, we call upon every woman to become a benediction, [and] to look upon life as a sacred trust for loving, self-sacrificing service."

One of the graduates present from "up-country" was an Indian friend of early days, now the wife of a doctor. Mary had never forgotten her singing in Ahmedabad, her beautiful profile against the light, nor the plaintive Indian air, which, she had said, meant God knocking at the door of the human soul asking for admittance. Older she now looked, her hair touched with grey, but still the same delightful friend of yore. A few days later saw the doctor and his wife and their children at the Christmas Tree party in the Settlement.

Many University meetings, too, absorbed time. The Roman Catholic students living in the Hostel invited Mary to a meeting of their Union (or Sodality) in the Government Medical College. The lecturer was Father

Goodier, the Principal of St. Xavier's College [later, Archbishop of Bombay], and the subject was the divinity of Christ. Hindus and Parsis were there too, but so powerful was the address that at the end the whole room, as it seemed, burst into applause.

In 1916 a great scholar of Zoroastrianism, Professor Moulton, of Manchester University, lectured in Bombay; but Mary was disappointed, as she felt that he judged of the religion more from books than from personal contact.

He asserts that there is nothing in the Parsi's religion which a Christian missionary could not teach, and regards it as a pure religion which Christianity only completes in the revelation of Christ the Saviour foretold by Zoroaster! Gulbai, who had a long talk with him, thinks he is terribly deceived on the subject, while non-Christian Parsis are of course delighted. I was surprised at that meeting at the way they clapped one thing he said. He called attention to the futility of prayer to God in an unknown tongue, and quoted St. Paul's words, " I had rather speak five words with my understanding than ten thousand in an unknown tongue." This shows progress in opinion, for even educated Parsis have said to us that they must pray in Zend, as the vibrations of the Avestan * words were more acceptable to the Almighty than any other language. To pray in English or Gujarati is a step in the right direction at least. We are hoping to have Dr. Moulton here one day to meet some of our friends. He is very strong on the fundamentals of the Christian religion, *e.g.*, the divinity of our Lord, so that one longs to get him to testify to the Parsis on that and other points of the same kind, as they are inclined to listen to anything he says.

Differences of opinion did not destroy real fellow-

* The Zend-Avesta is the collection of Sacred books of Zoroastrianism.

A CORNER OF THE STUDENT HOSTEL AND SETTLEMENT.

ship, and Dr. Moulton was soon received with great pleasure into the Hostel family, and was the recipient of some amusing doggerel verses written by Mary Dobson for his birthday. From this visit to Bombay, with its lectures and its fun, Dr. Moulton sailed for England, but the war took its toll of travellers in those days; his ship was torpedoed and he died rowing at the oars. The loss of so great a scholar and so true a Christian was very grievous.

Many as were Mary's engagements, we still hear of a never-ceasing flow of men and women of most diverse kinds who find their way to the Settlement. One day it is an English officer, whose visit results in a correspondence about his religious difficulties. Another time it is a Hindu boy of fifteen, who wants to know more of Christianity; next day an older would-be inquirer comes, who proves to be a spy; the result is a visit from father and lawyer, and the boy's longings are once more crushed, for he is not of age.

The Beni Israel (Jews long resident in India) also appealed much to Mary, and after a death in one of their families, she was escorted to the room in the heart of the city where they sat on the ground, mourning. As ever, she looked on these times of sorrow as a special call for friendship.

The years 1916–17 brought a new opportunity for influence, which involved such heavy work that the combination of her many duties seems marvellous to an onlooker. The editorship of the *Bombay Guardian*, a weekly religious paper, strongly evangelical in tone, was offered to her. Mary undertook it, partly because of the opportunity it presented, partly because of her great desire to relieve the Settlement of financial

strain, as the editor's salary made her feel independent, though, in the end, all was paid by her to Settlement funds and only the usual missionary allowance received. Many were the vicissitudes of this work :—

Last week was a busy one, as Miss Hackforth (sub-editor) and I were getting into the intricacies of the *Bombay Guardian*. I quite babyishly enjoyed getting into new environment for a time daily. The printing office with all the men employed there, and the interest of getting the thing through, was great, though of course it was rather distracting for the first issue. The printer who, in a grubby state, brings us proofs and argues with us as to misprints, is called Jack ; the manager is called Joseph ; the man who sits outside and interviews strangers is called Joshua ; and I only wait now to be told that the proof-reader (or misreader) is called Jehosaphat ; it would be truly suitable, wouldn't it ?

All the strange and varied training I have had in writing and composing under difficulties makes it no impossible task for me to sit down and write off two columns when I pay my daily visit to the office, and am told that they want two columns more unexpectedly !

Another letter speaks of much prayerful thought entailed by one editorial problem :—

The Bishop, after the Archbishop of Canterbury's pronouncement *re* Kikuyu, wrote a pastoral about admission to Holy Communion of unconfirmed persons, which greatly upset all the evangelicals in the diocese. He said persons could be admitted at times, but compared them to prodigals, and said that in every case such admissions must be made after application to him. Then a young fellow sent me very violent papers on the subject for the *Guardian*, and was upset when I would not insert them. I felt it was much better to wait and see what the next Lambeth Conference decided, as it is to come up again. At last, after much consultation with Dr. Mackichan and Canon Heywood, I inserted a

paper of Professor Gwatkin's, on the historical aspect, and made my own remarks on the subject.

The difficulty of taking even the shortest holiday, when editing a weekly paper, impressed Mary, and she commented humorously on the journalistic profession as the worst paid and "illest treated" in the world! But at least she gave her office staff occasional refreshment. A new group was added to the many who, one after another, enjoyed the Settlement Christmas tree and the carol singing (the carol this time being one they had themselves printed in the office).

On the 22nd we ended our public festivities with a Christmas tree for the *Bombay Guardian* hands. The printers, printers' devils, clerks, *hamals*, all came together; caste and creed was entirely forgotten in musical chairs; Simon, who had been acting as head printer lately, came with socks drawn over his trousers, and in spite of his age, joined in. He looks like Simple Simon and the pieman rolled into one; I suppose that I partly have that in my mind because the poor man got so mixed up and made such "pie" of some of my Christmas number. Mrs. Edwards (May Cooke) gave them an address in Marathi. They were many of them Beni-Israelites, though a few are Christians. At the close the head clerk said that "Solomon" wished to pray, which a certain Solomon did at some length! We were all so taken aback, as we had not thought he was a Christian. They enjoyed themselves immensely, and thanked us very heartily.

Editorship did not preclude other literary work. There were two more "readers" to be prepared for the Oxford University Press, besides songs of various kinds.

(*To J. Lindsay, October 12th*, 1916.)

. . . I was playing over some of my new Indian songs to L. F. (she is intensely musical), and she was

talking music with me ; perhaps that was what set me off, but when I went to bed that night a new Indian slumber song came running into my mind. It said that the herds were all folded, and now only the screech owl was calling, and the flying foxes flitting, and the jackals crying over the plains—and then came the refrain, the Mother to her child : " But here in my bosom is rest . . . here in my bosom is rest." Then she says again, that the gold in the west, like sunburnt corn, is changing to black, and the red, like evening fires, is turning to grey ; the darkness is chasing the light from the sky, and the shadows sway and creep : " But here in my bosom is rest . . . here in my bosom is rest."

By this time Mary had broadened a good deal in her use of her musical powers, and she no longer insisted on nothing but sacred music at concerts in which she joined—and she was often needed—as, for instance, when one of the Churches got up a Boxing Day Concert in 1916 for five hundred soldiers, and Mary accompanied Evelyn Gedge's violin playing.

It was about this time that the Settlement was strengthened by the coming of Marjorie Moinet, who besides having acted for many years as one of its organising secretaries in Great Britain, had also had an experience of social work very valuable at this time of immense advance.

The year 1917 was marked by a most important Educational Conference in Bombay, arranged entirely by Indians. Mary Dobson was apparently the only woman asked to serve on the Executive, and she also read a paper on the " Women Students of Bombay." Sir Narayan Chandawarkar, a distinguished Indian, once Chief Justice, was the Chairman, and his quiet dignity helped the Committee through many turbulent

meetings, until at last the Conference took place. The sessions in University Convocation Hall were very impressive ; the delegates, in turbans of every shade, represented all the different educational forces from far and near. Besides the address which Mary contributed, she also moved a resolution that :—

" This Conference considers the condition of women's education in the country as very unsatisfactory and calling for urgent extension and improvement. It requests Government that, in response to popular opinion, ampler facilities should be provided for the education of girls and women, and suggests that at least one High School for girls at each District Town, and an Arts and Medical College for women in Bombay should be at once started."

As this latter question was a matter of deep concern to her, Mary consented to sit on the Continuation Committee then formed.

Sir Narayan Chandawarkar deserves more than a passing mention in Mary's life, for during all her years in Bombay she had known him, and he had become a great friend. He was an Indian social reformer of the very highest type, willing to identify himself with unpopular causes, such as the problem of the " untouchables." He was also a student of the mystics, tracing often in the best Hindu *Bhakti* writings beauties that reminded him of the Christian scriptures he so really loved. Though never baptised, he constantly declared himself in later years a " follower of Christ " in daily life, and acknowledged His uniqueness in character and in dynamic to save the world. Speaking at a Y.M.C.A. meeting, he publicly said :—

" Let me tell you what I consider the greatest

miracle of the present day. It is this: that to this great country, with its 300 millions of people, there should come from a little island, unknown even by name to our forefathers, many thousand miles distant from our shores, and with a population of but fifty or sixty millions, a message so full of spirit and life as the Gospel of Christ. This, surely, is a miracle if there ever was one. And this message has not only come, but it is finding a response in our hearts. The process of the conversion of India to Christ may not be going on as rapidly as you hope, or in exactly the same manner as you hope, but, nevertheless, India is being converted; the ideas that lie at the heart of the Gospel are slowly but surely permeating every part of Hindu society and modifying every phase of Hindu thought."

Some years later, at Mary Dobson's invitation, Sir Narayan spoke at a gathering held in the Settlement, and impressed on the Indian Christian leaders the great opportunity they now had to take the lead in Indian Social Reform. His fellow speaker was a Christian, the Sadhu Sundar Singh, a man in whom he was deeply interested, and from whom he hoped great things.

Talking once to Sir Narayan about Nationalist feeling, Mary's blood boiled when she heard of a small European boy having one day belaboured with a stick this wise old Indian statesman, and it intensified her longing for still more respect among the British for the Indian educated leaders. Courtesy towards all Indians, high or low, was a constant feature of her own intercourse with them, and had endeared her to many, and she knew well its importance in the relationships that needed to be built up in the new India. She may have

belonged, as some felt, to the earlier generation in her sympathies with the more patriarchal method of rule in India, but she was always gentle and appreciative in all her own relationships with its people.

The story of Mary's widening influence cannot be complete without looking at her from the Hostel students' standpoint. Indian girls, she found, needed much of her care, for though they mature more quickly than do Western girls, they are usually younger in mind and more timid. The Hindus in the Hostel came from families who were pioneers in reform, but their whole environment had, until very lately, been that of *purdah* seclusion, and parents were glad that the Warden should take more responsibility than would be acceptable in England. The Parsi students, of course, came from homes where they were accustomed to much more liberty. Yet, even for them and for the Anglo-Indians, there were difficulties in their contact with the men students (almost entirely non-Christian), in which the Settlement could be of real service in upholding their dignity, though it was no easy task to decide what restrictions to make and yet how to give adequate liberty.

The Hostel was essentially " home " ; the staff really shared life with their students, being as a rule together at all meals, except afternoon tea, paying " good-night " visits to the students' rooms, spending the rare holiday afternoons with them picnicking, or out sailing. Laughter and discussions alternated, as they do in all student circles, and coffee parties at night were not unknown. Undoubtedly the real secret of helping Indian students was this life in common, and though mostly the courses were short, occasional students

remained in the Hostel six years working for medical degrees.

What did Mary herself really mean to these students? One who lived with her for several years tells us something of "the Warden" from a Hostellite's view-point. An outstanding feature was her great sense of justice. Never was any partiality shown in the Hostel, even though there might be special friendships outside it. At first some of the students felt her far removed from them; perhaps they could turn more easily to some of the younger members of the staff, but there was no one who did not "get on" with her, and those who made the effort to know her found her an ideal friend. In any time of real difficulty the students turned to her instinctively, and she proved to have a wonderful power of understanding many different points of view, and of entering into their lives.

The students enjoyed her music greatly—sometimes finding it hard to resist neglecting study so as to listen to her playing. Some of the Indian tunes she had adapted, such as her setting for "Praise ye Jehovah," fascinated them. Every Sunday night there was a much-appreciated half hour of hymns (chosen by each in turn). Friday night, too, with its House Club and its music, was always a treat. She could also thoroughly enjoy playing some games with them and excelled at anything that involved writing limericks or poetry. In spite of all her horror of the stage, Mary had a real talent for acting, and no student will forget the evenings when she and other members of the staff showed the right and wrong way to behave. Mary's own account gives a vivid picture of this:—

Last night was Club night, and we had the first "Inti-

mate Talk " of the season ; we took etiquette and its reasons. Evelyn, Edythe, and I gave practical demonstrations of how to receive visitors ; the peeping, giggling girl, who always runs out when the bell rings, to see who is there ; the applicant for board in the Hostel, who forces herself in and will take no refusal ! It was most delightful to see Edythe and Evelyn do the ideal hostess and the lady just arrived from England, going round the world and wishing to see the Settlement. I am sure it taught the girls better than any amount of instruction by word of mouth ; they were helpless with laughter !

Hospitality was a strong trait, and those students who later visited her in England, discovered that Mary and her family carried out the true spirit of welcome in that country as well as in India. They noted the fact too that, independent woman though she was, at home she was still obedient, when possible, to her mother's least wish. " Such filial devotion appeals to any Easterner," they said.

The atmosphere of love in the Hostel and Mary's power of getting on with other workers, even when they did not see eye to eye with her, was well known, and a story is told of a Rani who brought a young relative to board in the Hostel, and before leaving laid her hands on the girl's shoulder and on one of the Settlers, saying, " Here you will learn true sisterhood."

Knowing Mary's outspokenness, it was interesting to hear from a non-Christian that, while a few of the students resented her intense longing that they should become Christian, this was not the general feeling. It was the devout seeker after truth who saw her in her true light ; her whole heart and mind went out towards any such.

Many a quiet evening walk on the roof, under the stars, did her student friends have with her. She was herself deeply interested in theological, literary and artistic questions, as well as in mysticism, and she drew her students' minds there too. Of books also she would talk ; not much of modern novels—they did not appeal to her—but historical novels and the great classics were favourites, and she delighted to guide girls to the right kind of literature. Perhaps one of the greatest influences Mary seemed to them to exert was the way by life and word she helped younger women to see that it was not enough to take as their sole aim domestic life, however desirable, but that everyone owed some share of social service to her fellows, and should strive to extend the Kingdom of God.

That these ideals became part of the very life of many Hostel residents is clear from the way in which women graduates, now in important positions as doctors and teachers, refer constantly to the standards and spirit of the Settlement, and cling to little bits of its traditions far away in lonely places ; while others are actually working with real courage for the cause of Christ.

Mary's unselfish life made her preaching effective ; for instance, she insisted on getting up in the middle of the night to accompany a young Parsi newly-qualified doctor, called to a case in the very heart of the city, so that she might not go alone with the Mohammedan men who had summoned her. Together in that stifling room, surrounded by people, they stood beside the poor mother with her little dead baby, and then stumbled down the flight of stairs, wearied out, and made their way back to the Settlement.

Even on a day of extreme pressure, when Mary had

unexpectedly heard that she could get a passage and leave for England in a few days' time, she managed to pay two long visits (seven hours without food) to the Hospital to help one of the former Hostel residents whose brother was dying.

In such ways did she endear herself to them. Several years later, in Mary's own illness, this same Parsi friend, Guli Patell, then in England, sent her small gifts to cheer her, and received back from Mary characteristic poems on post-cards.

Mary's friendship once given, she was faithful in little as well as great things. From the time Guli Patell left the Hostel, Mary wrote to her each week, as she did to several other friends. Her correspondence had been a wide one for many years, but naturally it increased as her old students passed out all over India, their work often bringing them face to face with superstitions and vices which could only be overcome by the spiritual weapons of prayer and faith and love—weapons which seemed so inadequate and yet which, time after time, Mary had proved to be invincible. Small wonder that graduates at a distance often sent requests for prayer, to be incorporated in the Warden's "litany" at the monthly intercession services at the Hostel.

Occasional week-end parties in some bungalow outside Bombay gave Mary more of the chances for personal intercourse that she so much prized.

We had prayers morning and evening, and on each occasion we had a talk, as simple as possible, as four of the party were non-Christians; we mostly centred our thoughts round Jesus Christ as Saviour. In the afternoons we went for long walks, and then sat down and

had a talk on some subject helpful to girls; one such was on "Friendship," and another on "The Woman's Movement."

The success of these outings encouraged dreams of a Holiday House which should belong to the Settlement; and Gulbai Vakil urged it because of "the real necessity of some place where would-be converts could study quietly." Finally the dream began to come true in 1918 when a site was acquired at Jahbordi, a seaside place eighty miles north of Bombay, and in 1922 the Holiday House was really opened, largely as the outcome of Evelyn Gedge's efforts and her concerts. But Gulbai and Mary were neither of them destined actually to see the fulfilment of their desire. Even before the choice of the site was made Gulbai had passed on into the higher life, and long before the House was opened Mary had left India for ever.

Since 1916 Gulbai, whose health had obliged her to leave damp Bombay, had been happily engaged in the Wantage Sisters' Hospital in Poona. There, a year later, Mary had paid her a flying visit in the autumn, but very soon a journal letter gave sad news.

Not long after I got back to Bombay I received a telegram to say that Gulbai had passed away. The shock, as you may imagine, was a fearful one, as I had seen her, apparently quite well, only a short time before. I hurried to Poona, and just managed to reach the cemetery as they were filling in the grave.

It appeared that there had been a great many septic throats in Poona, quite an epidemic. She somehow contracted a like throat. She was bright, contented, and happy, sending a message to the Settlement, as she was not able to answer a letter of mine, but on October 31st her pulse was weak and so a special nurse was put on. She died suddenly and unexpectedly that night

from heart failure. She did not seem to suffer at all, but gave one sigh, after waking from sleep. One of the Sisters said to me that it was not like death, but just as if God took her. Earlier in the evening she had listened to the reading of the Psalms and joined in herself. I felt, as I stood by the graveside in the quiet cemetery, that God's message to us was not one of death or sorrow, but of perfect peace. Gulbai had gone through what few are called upon to endure. To her was given the honour of suffering for Christ's name, and it often comes to me with a sense of wonder and awe that she has seen the Master for Whom she forsook all, and that the mysteries which she could not understand here will have been made clear to her in the perfect joy of His presence.

Miss Susie Sorabji tells us how she stood beside Mary at Gulbai's grave. " The freshly-turned earth had just covered the coffin and a white cross lay on the little mound. I glanced at Mary's white face and realised how intensely she felt the home-going of the convert, for whom and with whom she had suffered such persecution. ' Till the Resurrection morning ! ' she whispered, as she turned away." Mary's great wish was that, should she die in India, she might herself be buried beside Gulbai, in the Indian Christian part of the cemetery at Hadaspur ; but that was not to be.

Beside Gulbai's death, Mary had another great loss in 1917, for Agnes de Sélincourt (then Principal of Westfield College, London) died in England as the result of an accident. Mary wrote to one of the family telling her that, with the shock of the deaths of Agnes and Gulbai, she felt it hard to go on as if nothing were wrong ; but as usual she used her own sorrow to hand on a message of courage, ending with the words " God understands and can help."

CHAPTER XI

THE SADHU. 1917—1920

SUNDAR SINGH'S arrival in Bombay in November, 1917, opened a new chapter in Mary's life, an adventurous chapter. Well known already in N. India, the Sadhu came now for the first time to hold meetings in Bombay, and Canon Joshi brought him to the Settlement, knowing Mary's anxiety to ask him certain questions, as her editorship of the *Bombay Guardian* had brought her some difficult letters against him. She was at once much impressed with his reality, and this interview resulted in an invitation to meet others at the Settlement, the first of many visits there.

At one of the public meetings, Sundar Singh told of his conversion. By birth a Sikh, as a boy he fiercely opposed Christianity. He actually attended for a time a mission school, but even though at heart a seeker after peace, he used to destroy any Bible he could lay hands on. At last in desperation for lack of peace, he decided to commit suicide if God did not meet his need. After three hours of prayer, Christ, he says, appeared to him, and he swore everlasting fealty to Him. As a consequence, he was expelled, destitute, from a luxurious home, but that night felt such joy as he had never known before. Baptised by a C.M.S. missionary when he was sixteen, he later spent a year in the Divinity School at Lahore, but felt at last that his call

was to go out preaching, as did the first disciples, without money, receiving food as he went; from that time his life had been that of an itinerant "holy man," a Sadhu, wearing the saffron robe that marks such in India. Missionary journeys had carried him into Tibet, and his adventures there on behalf of the Gospel, told so simply, emphasized the power of God, Who had so often rescued His servant from death. There were many experiences difficult to believe, but to Mary such miracles were a natural corollary of a life lived in the Divine fellowship.

All who have known the Sadhu bear testimony to the fact that he is a Christo-centric mystic,* so Mary soon found in him one whose devotion to Christ tuned with her own, and his visions offered no ground of doubt to her, for she too sometimes spoke to special friends of moments of spiritual insight.

Other interests intervened for the moment—the victories in Palestine and the hopes roused by the entry of General Allenby into Jerusalem—but deep in Mary's heart henceforward lay certain stories told by the Sadhu, and they were recounted to many on her furlough. For February, 1918 saw her on a transport bound for England after a very hurried start, only made possible by Canon Heywood's kindness in taking over the responsibility for the *Bombay Guardian* at a most difficult time.

The England of 1918 was very changed from that which Mary had left in 1914, but in spite of war services rendered by several of her family, no breach had come in the home circle. This year her parents celebrated their golden wedding, and Mary reported to her sister-in-law in Australia that: "Mother is wonderfully well

* *The Sadhu.* Streeter and Appasamy.

in some ways. Papa is very lame, but his brain is as active as ever. He was doing the new edition of his book when I left, and he remarked to me that he felt as keen on literary matters as he did when he was eighteen years old."

At this time Mary was facing a perplexing problem—Could she still work in Bombay, leaving only one sister at home in charge of parents who were ageing? Her interests were so identified with India that it was a difficult decision to make, but she had often said that twenty-one years' service would be her limit, after which she believed her duty would lie nearer home. There were also changes pending in the whole organisation of the University Settlement, and she thought the Home Committee would feel more free to make those adjustments to a "Union Scheme" with other Societies, were she, the Warden for so many years, no longer at the head. Whatever the conflict involved, she spoke of it to none of her friends, but finally told the Committee that in 1920 her resignation would take effect.

To allow Evelyn Gedge and Marjorie Moinet to take their furloughs Mary's resignation was not to take place for eighteen months, so it was imperative to procure an immediate passage back to India. This was not easy in the year 1918; instead of going eastward therefore, she decided to travel by way of America, accepting an invitation to act as a temporary Travelling Secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement in the Colleges of the United States and Canada. From there she wrote to her mother:

The first College that I visited in the States was Bryn Mawr in Pennsylvania. The Chapel is a fine building and holds the five hundred students easily. I

was allowed to speak there and was glad of the chance. I met a good many of the girls afterwards in groups and they were really eager to talk about spiritual things. The whole college is a lovely place. It has tremendous grounds and the leaves were all turning—I never saw such colours. I had a series of adventures on my way back, for owing to the great explosion in New York the subways were all shut and we had to ferry across the river. I should not have known what to do, had it not been for a kind little Christian Scientist woman who took charge of me, and even insisted on paying my fare ("you be a good girl and learn to take care of your money.") New York went quite off its head with the Victory War Loan before I left. You could not walk up Fifth Avenue without coming into some violent rejoicing or the presentation of some flag to some representative of some ally.

This series of College visits was cut short by the scourge of influenza; all engagements were cancelled, and Mary found herself able to come quickly to Canada and join me in Toronto, where she also had relations.

Before leaving the United States, Mary paid one visit which probably was to her the outstanding event of these months. She called in New York on a leading theologian, an old acquaintance of hers in India, and with him discussed the statements made by Sundar Singh as to the existence of a very early manuscript of the New Testament in the possession of a hermit of marvellous age, in the recesses of the Tibetan Himalayas. Encouraged by the deep interest shown by a Biblical scholar, Mary began to lay her plans for an attempt to recover this treasure for the Christian world. Of these plans she did not speak to any of us in Canada, but wrote to Sundar Singh as to the possibility.

Meanwhile the Student Y.W.C.A. branches in

Ontario and Quebec were her field of work, as a series of journal letters show.

(*Toronto, Nov. 7th,* 1918.)

I have never lived such a strange nomad existence before; it gives one a very Abrahamic feeling. The last week-end I spent in Montreal at the Training-School of the Y.W.C.A. I gave them a course on India, its history, and people, and it really was very interesting. I spent a good deal of the time with the students in between, and also gave two other addresses as I was there for five days altogether. At the Y.W.C.A. Central on Sunday I was very much touched at the close when a little stenographer with gray hair came up to me and gave me one dollar. She said she wanted me to use it for missions; she had always wanted to be a missionary but had not been able to go. Just as I was sitting talking to her, up came one of the housemaids, just as she was in her apron, and said that she wished to give "this" to missions, this being half a dollar. I have put that away with the dollar almost as if it were sacred, to be used for something out of the way. I begin to think that the domestic servants of Canada are fine stuff.

(*November 16th,* 1918.)

Last week-end I spent at a large College out of Toronto. I found that a great many of the students were specially taking music, so I gave them an extra talk on Sunday on the higher uses of music; they were so appreciative. It was an exciting week-end, for we were waiting hourly for the result of the Armistice terms.

. . . Yesterday Madame Avril de Ste Croix, the great social-purity Frenchwoman, was here lecturing; I went, and it was wonderful to see that brave little old woman standing for righteousness and speaking with such wonderful intensity. . . . I wonder if any of you have read a book in which I have been deep lately. "*The Spiritual Colloquies of Giosue Borsi.*" He was

an Italian and a staunch Catholic, who conceived the idea of writing down his thoughts to God day by day as a sort of penance, for he said you could give a wrong idea of things to man but not to God ; to Him you couldn't lie ! Naturally one does not agree with all his points of view, but it certainly is a most remarkable revelation of a wonderfully pure heart, and if he was much forgiven (and he seems to have been before his conversion) he certainly loved greatly *after* his conversion. It was of course never meant for any human eye ; they found it in his knapsack after his death. It is considered the most wonderful piece of writing of its kind since the *Confessions of St. Augustine.*

Both on this tour and on a later visit Mary found that Austin Dobson's writings were beloved among many students on the American continent, and she was often asked to give readings from his poems.

It was a great pleasure yesterday to meet Dr. Edgar, one of the Professors in English at the University here. The students remembered that when lecturing to them he had mentioned that he had been to Ealing to see Papa on one occasion, and so a special tea party was arranged for me to meet him. We had a delightful time and the students did enjoy it so, though strangely enough we talked nearly the whole time of mysticism in the East and elsewhere.

This visit to Canada had its sadder side ; it marks the beginning of the " cross " to which Mary later refers. While still in Toronto she became aware of a symptom which might entail a serious operation. Looking back to the happiness of our frequent intercourse at that time, and the absolute peace of her face, it is hard to realise that she was battling with a great dread, and that after much prayer she had decided to maintain complete silence about it, lest her friends

should insist on an operation at once, whereas she fully believed herself called to an adventure of faith within the next year in India, on behalf of the whole Christian world, and she was therefore sure that God could carry her through it in spite of physical disability, if she would but trust Him.

The voyage from Victoria, B.C. to India in early 1919 gave opportunity of stopping at Yokohama, Hong-kong, Singapore, and Penang. At the latter place by a wonderful coincidence (or was it not really more than that, as Mary believed?) she came across Sundar Singh, on his way from India to China, and she was able to arrange that on his return to India he should act as guide to the little party she hoped to assemble next summer to go over the Tibetan border to Kailash.

This expedition in search of a manuscript was not the only plan occupying Mary's mind at this time. She was already preparing for a future sphere of work in Palestine. So on this long voyage across the Pacific she studied Hebrew, and wrote to me a fancied dialogue based on her Biblical reading.

(*January 17th*, 1919.)

I have just finished what I set myself to do, the Grammar I have with me, and the five chapters of the Old Testament given therein. I can read fairly easily now and can understand the grammar too. I am afraid that if I had to converse in Hebrew at the present time my conversation would be distinctly Biblical.

JEW. Do you like this weather?

MARY (*getting mixed*). It is pleasant to the eyes and good to taste.

JEW. Have you come far?

MARY (*getting mixeder*). I arose and came from Gilgal.

JEW. I am glad you like the Jewish people.

MARY (*feeling deeply stirred and unable to express*

SADHU SUNDAR SINGH.

herself otherwise). They are bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.

I wonder if Jews, when they talk Hebrew, do talk like the Bible.

Landing at Madras, late in January, 1919, Mary spent a night in the Women's Christian College with Miss McDougall. " It was delightful to see the College actually working : the College hall at meals is a goodly sight, and the students are so contented and happy. At the little daily services morning and evening, I was so interested to note that they always set aside a few moments for silent prayer ; the whole spirit of the Chapel service was very beautiful." Was there not a shade of wistfulness because Bombay still had no separate Women's College, nor even permanent buildings for the Hostel, into which the Settlement had grown ? *

Twelve months almost to a day was the length of this last sojourn of Mary's in Bombay, and into it were crowded many experiences. Her co-workers for the greater part of it were Olive Stillwell (Melbourne University) and Deci Meek (Otago University). Two others, Edythe Crosthwait and Florence Hoyte, had left on their marriage to missionaries, and the remaining two were on furlough.

The year began with a loss, the death of a former Settler, May Edwards. Sad though Mary was, her word to describe it was " triumph " ; but then that was always her attitude towards the death of those who are " in Christ." She always told us she wanted

* The Settlement still has no permanent building, but in co-operation with the Wilson College authorities, it is now housed in more capacious quarters, at Shanti Sadan, Vacchagandhi Road, Bombay.

all sorts of beautiful coloured flowers at her own funeral, as dead-white palled on her.

Soon we hear of the annual meeting held for making the Settlement known to the non-missionary English residents, where Lady Lloyd, wife of the new Governor, proved to be deeply interested in the contacts with educated Indian women afforded by the Settlement. But Mary was disturbed to hear the Chairwoman state that the University Settlement was not an actively proselytizing society. " I can only say that I hope we *are*. This is the present attitude of so many religious bodies—but personally I cannot see the good of a society that is not." Her long acquaintance with the non-Christian community, however well educated, had only deepened her conviction that they would never find satisfaction, or attain their ideals for their country, without open confession of Christ, though she recognised also the terrible difficulties that made the advance so slow, and so hidden.

Various incidents, sad and glad, serve to throw light on the secret working of Christianity in the hearts of girls well known to Mary, but still hindered in their progress by their orthodox relations. One who had sought shelter among Christians because her family wanted to force a marriage on her, while she wished to become a Christian, was taken away by force, and then committed suicide. Another, long prayed for in the Settlement, was only saved at the last moment from the same wrong course by a chance that brought to her eyes the text " Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She recognised it as a message from God, and on her knees thanked Him that she still had Christ as Friend. Such

a story, told Mary by one not a Christian by outward profession, showed her "how much was going on of which nothing was known, and how easily God could reveal Himself to a soul really in earnest."

Mary had an interesting contact with a community of Hindus, where ancient and modern things seemed very closely knit together, for after first being introduced to a holy man and a great Sanskrit scholar, an upholder of all the past of Hinduism, Mary's next conversation was about the modern leader Gandhi, who often visited there.

He had told them they had better learn to spin their own clothes, that was better than religion. I told them that that was not the teaching of Christ, and quoted, "Seek ye first His Kingdom." All the same, I expect what Mr. Gandhi said was that they had better learn to spin instead of following their corrupt idol-worship. We went afterwards to see the spinning-room they had instituted in consequence of Gandhi's exhortation. . . . When we got into the carriage we found a great basket of fruit which they had put there for us.

Mary's great desire, as she came away, was that she might some day send Sundar Singh to visit them.

In spite of the many urgent duties, steady progress was being made with languages. "David Masih came to see me the other day, and I made him read Hebrew to me. He is going to bring me a Rabbi from Jerusalem, who, he says, speaks Hebrew like water." It is not from Mary that we hear of her own proficiency but from Mrs. Taylor, who, when staying in the Settlement, met the Rabbi who was full of praise of her powers.

Those months of 1919 must have been beset with very special inner struggles, for the "cross" of illness,

known still to none but herself, lay upon her life, and her perplexity as to God's will for her future was great. Writing to me in June she says :—

I have had another letter from Mr. Turner (Student Volunteer Movement) urging me to come to the States and Canada for a year, but I hesitate. God will make His way clear ; at present I do not feel as if I wanted to ; I feel the East a-calling, and as long as I have strength and power to learn, I want to use Eastern languages.

Not content with Hebrew, a few weeks later a new study was added :—

I have begun Arabic the last two days ; I can't help laughing, for at present I think it is the most hideously difficult language and wonder whether I shall ever conquer it, but then I only know my alphabet and one word " the." It is the script that is so appalling. Never mind, perhaps it will be as familiar as Hebrew now is, in a few months ! I was delighted to find that " I, even I, am He that comforteth you " is intensive in the Hebrew, " that thoroughly comforts you." It is thorough comfort that I need when I do need comfort, and God the All-merciful is always intensive.

Of Student Conferences, and many meetings with Parsis, we have long accounts, but over them all lay something of the sadness of a " last time."

It was not only the crisis of leaving India which tested Mary this year ; a great adventure of faith, and a dark passage through the valley of the shadow, both did their work in the ripening of character.

During her summer vacation, May and June, Mary and two missionary companions (who on this pilgrimage went by the names of " Faithful " and " My Lady Per-

petua " *) embarked on the quest in the Himalayas, hoping that they might be privileged to bring back with them the manuscript reputed to be in the possession of a Christian hermit at Kailash. Unfortunately passports to cross the Tibetan frontier beyond Badrinath could not be obtained, but, nothing daunted, they started. The story, somewhat abbreviated, is given in Mary's own words.

We met at Almora. Our first few days were busy ones, for we had to take with us practically everything we wanted in the way of food ! We actually started on the 7th May ; it seemed quite an army, for we had twenty-one coolies. Our first stop was at a place called Biuskhet ; we put up at a little *dak* bungalow among mighty pines. It was a fairy-tale sort of house, like the house in *Hänsel and Gretel* in *Grimm's Fairy Tales ;* it was delightful to go to sleep looking out at pine branches and the stars, and to feel we had already started on our pilgrimage. We spent Sunday at Lobha, a lovely place amid gentle slopes, and studded with pines. We had no cook, as it was hard to get one on such a difficult expedition. " Faithful " [with my help] did the cooking—a new experience for poor me. I did feel in despair at Lobha where we had to make our first scones ; we had only a *chapatti* tin to cook in, and they would not " jell." I shall always remember Lobha, too, because we read the *Holy War* there on Sunday and also a little poem of George Macdonald's which seemed to ring in my ears the whole of the pilgrimage afterwards.

Lord of my little faith, my Lord,
Help me to fear nor fire nor sword,

. . . . .

Dwell further in than doubt can go,
And make *I hope* become *I know.*

* " Faithful " was a Y.M.C.A. Physical Director, and " My Lady Perpetua " an educational missionary.

Day after day we started off at early dawn and went quietly on, mile after mile. I generally worked at Hebrew hard some of the way, but often the scenery was too glorious, and I had to give it my whole attention. We soon got to snow-covered mountain peaks, and I can conceive few things more beautiful than the white ranges and the golden cornfields we passed. Added to everything was the inspiration of our quest; we felt we were going on a sort of Holy Grail search, and through it all the presence of God seemed so real and wonderful.

Not that our pilgrimage was always uneventful. We heard that a bridge was broken further on, and we reached a running river, where it was met by another tributary, to find the pilgrims collected on either bank unable to cross, and a wailing woman with two children, whose husband and child had just been swept away, as a temporary rope bridge had also broken. I can't tell you how unutterable it was.

"Faithful," meanwhile, went down to the water's edge, and we soon saw he was going to act, for we could not sit on the river's bank as the other pilgrims were doing. He first made our coolies haul up a great pine out of the river, and placed that side by side with another across the narrowmost crossing of the river. He crossed on his slight bridge, swarmed the cliff on a rope, drove in great stakes at the top and, after passing a rope with a loop at the end round them, he announced that all was ready. He took us both across the pine bridge with one hand on his left shoulder and the other holding a rope which two of our coolies held from either side of the bank; it was a wonderfully simple way of getting across, and in spite of the awful roaring torrent underneath you felt safe. The hauling up the rock was rather horrid, I confess. The coolies, I understand, went to return thanks in the temple as soon as they got up, and the admiration of all for what Faithful had done was unbounded. Only one other woman crossed on our bridge. She was a Hindu, and when I got to

the top she fell at my feet and besought that she might cross to her child. We gave permission, and our coolies got her down safely. I then saw that a sorrowful Hindu boy had come down on the opposite side to the rocks. As soon as she got across she ran and sat down beside him, and then threw her arms round him and kissed him in most un-Hindu fashion ; the crowd, watching, burst into a ripple of joyful, sympathetic laughter. It turned out that owing to the broken bridges these two, a mother and her only son, had been parted for some days and were in despair, unable to get at each other.

These pilgrims to the sacred shrine at Badrinath were most pathetic ; they went in crowds along the roads greeting each other full of hope ; some old women and children were actually carried in baskets on the backs of coolies. Their faces made you feel how terribly in earnest they all were. Owing to the distance of Badrinath, and the terrible difficulties of the way to the ordinary wayfarer, the pilgrims often die in numbers on the march, for we were right among the snows and had to cross about ten snow bridges, practically frozen avalanches, sometimes over a rushing river.

We came suddenly at last in sight of Badrinath, a small brown-looking place amid snow mountains, only relieved by the golden roof of the temple. It was an extraordinary experience to be there. It is scarcely ever visited, except by explorers, and it swarms with holy men and women. The story of the bridge had spread and made a great link with all, and their friendliness touched us greatly. The nephew of the custodian of the temple was a young student from Allahabad. He was staying with his uncle in this out-of-the world spot and was delighted to find anyone who spoke English. He, with others, used to escort Faithful almost daily on various expeditions. To show how kindly was the feeling, when we were leaving, the boy wrote saying that as they were afraid that there might not be proper accommodation at the next place, they wished us to use the temple bungalow. As a matter of

fact, much to my relief, we did not have to use it, but it was touching that they should not wish "those gentle ladies," as they called us, to sleep in the open. Not that I should have minded; for three weeks I slept on the stone floor or ground, but "My Lady Perpetua," not being strong, could not have done it. We waited at Badrinath for a week, hoping that Sundar Singh would come up with us. I knew already by wire that he was in India. But he came not, and at last we had reluctantly to turn back. A few stages down, I got a letter forwarded to me from Bombay, saying that Sundar Singh had arrived and had gone straight up to Kotgarh by Simla. He wrote himself, evidently having no idea that I had gone up to Badrinath, and it was clear that he had not had my letters. I found afterwards that one letter to me from Penang had been delayed, in which he said that if we could not get the passports right into Tibet, he thought he had better go up alone, and he knew nothing of my wonderful plans. Of course it was all disappointing in one way, but from another point of view we had had such wonderful signs of God's presence with us that we could not doubt that our apparently wild-goose chase was with some strange purpose. I wrote to the Deputy Commissioner of the district on my return to tell him how very friendly the people had been; I thought that it was good that at this time of unrest the officials should know how things were going in the far country districts, where Europeans seldom go. I had one very strange interview in a Himalayan Post Office where I went to send some telegrams. The postmaster seemed terrified of Europeans, and, after making endless mistakes, and beseeching me repeatedly not to be angry (which I had no intention of being), he rose, and going to another table addressed me as follows: "Dear Sir, I wish you life and prosperity; had you been a Hindu or Mohammedan you would have beaten me for this!" I assure you I was quite taken aback. He went on to ask what relation Faithful was to me, and described him as a "noble"

BADRINATH, A SACRED PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE, IN THE HIMALAYAS

man. " He came in," he said, " *and spoke gently to me.*" I found afterwards that the fame of the bridge had reached his ears; I think, hearing that a party had arrived who could build bridges and get twenty-three persons over impossible rivers, he imagined that we were domineering and proud Europeans and was therefore afraid. The last thing I saw in that place as we left, early in the morning, was the postmaster, clad in a waving blanket, shaking hands with Faithful to say goodbye.

Faithful was just the right man with all his knowledge and simple faith. I laughed till I cried sometimes at our efforts at cooking. Faithful and I regularly quarrelled as to whether the kettle was really boiling; I was so terrified that we should get typhoid through carelessness! He insisted on family prayers after every meal, and firmly believed in comprehensive reading—a whole epistle at a time. I really had to stop him sometimes, for he went on like Carlyle—you remember he read the whole of Job once at family prayers to everyone's dismay. I certainly came back hardier than I went, and, as for my Lady Perpetua, she was sunburned and well, and absolutely unlike the invalid just out of bed that had started with us. Her knowledge of Hindustani was invaluable, and she alone of the party had ever been over any of the high Himalayan passes.

We do not in the least regret our journey, for we all three know we were guided by God, and we know too what we have learned in the heart of India, lessons which have been good for body, soul and spirit.

I am going to copy for you one little poem of the march which I did, after the camp-fire smoke had made my eyes sore, and I was nearly out of patience with the cooking.

After the March

We build our fire among the pines,
The towering pines, red, green and gold
The blue smoke rises, fold on fold,
And dies in wavering misty lines.

Poor mortal man still lives by bread,
And, though our wayworn feet may ache,
We light the fire, we brew and bake,
For weary travellers must be fed.

A toilsome task, yet oft I see
Through smarting smoke, disordered mess,
A vision of great blessedness,
A morning meal by Galilee.

O piercéd hands that laid the fire,
And broiled the fish, fresh-caught, thereby!
That brake them bread, to satisfy
Their hunger and desire!

Methinks to Thee, mid camp-fire smoke,
There burned a sacrificial flame,
The food prepared by Thee, became
A thing that sacrament bespoke.

Methinks to Thee, each scrap or thing
Left over, were in God's great plan;
To cleanse a dirty pot or pan
Were in Thy hands a wondrous thing.

And so amid the heat and glow
Of forest fires, I catch Thy face,
And think of Thine abounding grace
Who made the camp-fire long ago.

A.M.R.D.

The return of these pilgrims from Badrinath to Bombay awaked an amazing interest. Evidently to some Englishmen it was the appeal of a sportsman-like willingness to venture forth, just for Christ's sake. Many Parsis too were eager to hear the story, and among them Mary mentioned especially her invalid friend, Miss Coomie Panday.

(*To A. C.*)

We have been giving all the rest who had to do with the expedition, pilgrim names ; Sir Harry, with whom we dined the other night to hear all about it, and who lent me things, was "Gaius mine host," and the two dear staff girls are Felicity and Constancy. I think you must be the Pilgrim of Comfort. . . . Yes, you understand. But it was wonderful ; nothing can ever be like that setting out and the hope of it all. I knew afterwards—when the turning-back came—that I knew a tiny bit of what He suffered when the last failure came at Jerusalem. . . . I marvel, but do not understand, why the whole thing has made the love of Christ so wonderful.

The pilgrim way had brought its glory, even though to some people it had seemed fantastic, but now the dark shadow drew nearer. By September it was clear that an immediate operation for cancer was necessary. But testing times also call forth helpers, and even the long journey from Madras did not deter Miss McDougall from using her short holiday to be with Mary while in Hospital.

(*To A. C., September*, 1919.)

I want you to know how absolutely your faithful prayer has been answered. These two days of preparation in hospital have been so quiet and happy. All the horror went, and it has been as if Christ has been close beside me, gathering me in His bosom. "When I stand before Thee at the end of days Thou shalt see my scars, and know that I had my wounds and also my healing." The operation (in a few hours' time now) seems just part of the pilgrimage, a difficult bit, in which through the help of the Guide, one will only be gladder because of the wonderful revelation.

And the next letter tells her friend :—

It was a wonderful experience to come to the day of

the operation and feel no fear, . . . Christ was so near that I found myself laughing once or twice for the sheer wonder of it. . . . I saw the swifts flying against the blue through the great window of the theatre, and then went off quietly. They say that as I came to I said I had been in green pastures, but I do not remember. I don't think I suffered much. Up to the end I said over and over to myself, " The Way, the Cross and then *the Star*." I still look for the Star.

Mary's recovery was rapid ; a short holiday, and then she was fully engrossed in her last few months of work in Bombay. Incidentally she was also corresponding with her cousin, Professor Rendel Harris, as to the possibility of finding early Christian manuscripts, if she were to travel homewards *viâ* Mesopotamia. But, with his expert knowledge, he warned her that already the best ones had been carried off from Bagdad by the Germans, and that the Turks had destroyed most of the rest. Of the Tibet manuscript he wrote sympathetically, but reminded her that reports must be verified. " We are in the East, remember."

Christmas had an added interest, as the Sadhu arrived in Bombay on his way to pay his first visit to England, and then to America, and Mary was delighted when she found that Sundar Singh could go on arrival in England to Dr. Rendel Harris and be sure of being met by an understanding spirit.

One of the last addresses Mary Dobson gave in Bombay was to the Y.M.C.A. on " The Power of the Thought Life," in which she dealt not only with the effect of our conscious and unconscious thought, but also spoke strongly about " communication with the dead " and its dangers. For the war, with its many personal tragedies for friends of hers, had of course

THE STUDENT HOSTEL, 1919

O. STILLWELL A. M. B. DOBSON D. MEEK

brought Mary Dobson face to face with the advance of spiritualism and forced her to express her convictions on it. Her summing up was " Every evil seems to seek a medium ; God speaks straight."

Later, a more personal knowledge of the spiritualistic messages that purport to reach people, perplexed her greatly for a time, but she finally decided that all such communications (whether sought or unsought) were like " trying to get at the secrets of a household through the servants, instead of straight from the Master Himself," and must be left severely alone.

In February, 1920, the time for Mary herself to leave Bombay had at last come. Only now perhaps did she learn how deep were her roots in that city and what had been the fruit of the years of steady perseverance and love. One who was with her speaks of the " desperate sadness " of her last days, and her old friend, Mrs. Taylor, who went down to see her off, says : " I think she realised then—what her humility had prevented her from realising before—what a wonderful influence she had had in Bombay. I had felt that her influence was great and for that reason did my best to dissuade her from leaving India, but even I was amazed to see the number of people, young and old, men students and women students, who wanted to see her before she left."

And this veteran missionary, herself, in former years, the teacher of the younger worker now leaving India, sums up her impression of Mary's life. " What struck me most powerfully was that she had never swerved from her principles and aims. Her talents and her character brought her unstinted admiration, and yet she was always the same sweet unassuming worker for

Christ. Her head was never turned. Although she had many opportunities of meeting with the highest in the land, she met them in her own simple way. To her, such an expression as 'having a good time' would have meant simply and solely an opportunity of speaking of Christ. She would have been ready at any time for sacrifice. How did she compare with others? Of course she was unique, but it would be a grand thing if there were more as unique."

It proved in the end impossible for Mary's return journey to England to include the tour in Mesopotamia for which she longed, but a short visit to Jerusalem gave her an opportunity of language study and of consulting several missionaries as to future work. And then Mary hastened homewards, making once again a new friendship through her board-ship life, for she flung herself into the sorrows of one who, like herself, was sad at relinquishing her profession in India, and she brought to her a gift so rare that nothing can ever efface the memory of those days together.

The Indian chapter of Mary's life has apparently closed, and yet who knows where her work there ceases?

CHAPTER XII

THE WAY, THE CROSS, AND THEN THE STAR
1920—1923

MARY'S last years can never be fully understood unless they be treated as poetry, or as the escape into a world of adventurous faith. Possibly some psychologist might think it was an escape into phantasy, a way subconsciously out of sorrow and difficulty—and as such, a retrograde step. But none who personally knew her could consider it anything but a way of advance. It was more like the shaking out of a butterfly's wings before flying. Mary herself believed she was being tested for further spiritual adventure, and she interpreted to herself God's guidance through a poem, the last line of which became a refrain, which rang in all her letters.

O Way, dim-seen, that I must tread,
O Cross beside, O Star before!
The voices of the holy dead
Speak to me as they spoke of yore:
"Lo! this is what we sought afar,
The End to which all questings are—
The Way, the Cross and then the Star!" *

The Way—a pilgrim one—to Badrinath—to Jeru-

* By C. A. Macartney—from *The Bookman*. One word in the original poem Mary always changed, substituting "voices" for "spirits" in the third line.

salem again—to Mount Sinai in the last winter of her life. Finally the " valley of the shadow."

The Cross—none could hope to accomplish a glorious pilgrimage for God without bearing the Cross, for Satan would surely withstand. Every time the goal seemed within sight, there came the " thorn in the flesh," the terror of disease from which the body shrank —but Christ had borne the real Cross for her, and this sharing of His pain was as nothing if she could but win the victory with Him.

The Star—like that of Bethlehem—would some day shine for her above the goal of her " questings." She watched for it—in India—in Palestine—in Arabia ; perhaps at last, with infinite pain, she realised that her goal was not on earth—the Star would shine for her beyond the veil.

To the outer world, however, Mary's life from 1920-1923 seemed still to follow the ordinary lines of an author and a missionary advocate. To a small inner circle alone did she write fully of her " starry hopes."

Released from constant preoccupation with Bombay, she was at last free to give time to her poetry, music, and books, but with an undercurrent of expectation of new adventure for Christ. That this adventure should be connected with literary matters was as true to her nature as the visionary side of it. Ever since childhood, when an agnostic cousin had asserted that Christianity lacked foundation, Mary had guessed how much it might mean to the world, could earlier manuscripts of the New Testament be found, and she had prayed that she might find one. She forgot her prayer until she was already embarked on her first quest. Then the finding of some document corroborative of the Gospel

record became for her "the Star," and her life henceforth was largely dedicated to this search.

Soon after her arrival in England in 1920 Mary had the pleasure of sharing with her father a visit from Sundar Singh, who, after a talk with Austin Dobson in his study, surprised and pleased him by giving him his blessing as the father of one who had done so much for India. Again Mary took down a good deal more of the Sadhu's talk. "His wonderful experiences only make one long to stretch out hands of faith to God and gain more of what He has to give."

Her life was very full, for, though able to live at home, she needed the income from her musical and other writings to make possible the longer visit to Jerusalem for which Hebrew and Arabic were so perseveringly studied, while Greek, and black-and-white illustration had been added with a view to work on manuscripts. She had become more than ever a person of methodical habits, carefully dividing her day so that each study might have its due time, and fortunately her family did their utmost to free her for her task. Former students from India, old friends of many kinds, were also fitted into her scheme of life, and her correspondence flowed on unceasingly too, her even handwriting never betraying any sense of hurry or nerve-strain.

Mary's indecision as to undertaking a year's work for the Student Volunteer Movement in America had ended in her promising an autumn's tour there, so between September, 1920, and January, 1921, she had a strenuous time, visiting especially the south-eastern States.

(*To her Mother, from S. Carolina.*)

Sometimes I have to speak four times a day; I had

to yesterday, the first being at College prayers, and the last a joint meeting of the men and women Student-Volunteers. At this latter meeting I told them about Sundar Singh, and I noticed a young Englishman who was listening very earnestly. Afterwards I had a talk with him, and he told me a strange story. His father, who was a prospecting engineer, travelled where no white men had ever been before. Before he died, the student said, he spoke to him very solemnly about the mountains north of India, and told him there were Christian hermits there of great age. This boy said that he could not quite understand what his father meant, but that he felt there was some great mystery to be unravelled, and that he had made up his mind that when he was free he would go and explore the Himalayas and find the Christian hermits. Wasn't it a strange thing that I should come across him ?

Very varying experiences greeted Mary in these American Colleges ; there were some who did not know what to make of this visionary person ; others who rejoiced in all her literary and musical powers. Perhaps the place where Mary had the fullest opportunity was Wellesley College, near Boston. One of the staff took trouble to see that she met the right people, and reported that Mary had " produced an immediate and vivid impression of the reality of the spiritual world upon students and faculty alike. She spoke to three or four classes of the Bible Department, sometimes puzzling them by talks that seemed to them too unnatural to be true, but always impressing them with her own force and faith, and presenting her case with such graciousness and humour, reinforced by the background of her own culture and distinction, that she won attention on every hand."

Mary's visit there just overlapped with one from the

Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore; she asked him whether he had ever met the Christian hermits far up in the Himalayas, and he answered "No, but it is of common knowledge that they are there," thus reinforcing her belief in the existence of the Christian Sunnyāsis, of whom the Sadhu had spoken. To me she wrote :—

You speak of Tagore; you exactly describe him as I saw him when we met—strained on some points. He is a pilgrim, to my mind, who has halted at a halfway house and taken up his abode there; and when a pilgrim ceases to be a pilgrim, he loses much of his hopeful joy!

In spite of visiting nearly fifty Women's Colleges and being "driven" by the pace of American life, there were constant letters to India to Amy Carmichael about her poems, which Mary was so busily setting to music, even as she travelled about.

My publishers wrote the other day, wanting more songs—part-songs for schools—and saying that the demand now is for good words wedded to good music. Now have you any words you can let me have? I always like the sound of *Dim green forest*, but cannot remember more of the words. For young people I like the mystic best—what turns their hearts to God and the Cross without flaring it out in so many words. I found my songs had penetrated right into the Colleges of S. Carolina, and I gave thanks.

The strain of this constant travelling was great, and it is not surprising that a short time in Hospital in Athens, Georgia, followed. Her comment is '*Per aspera ad astra* is for me." A Christmas holiday with me in Canada came as a welcome rest, and there two characteristic episodes remain in my memory, her charming

French menu reminiscent of Christmas : " Potage aux bergers," and so forth ; and her eager talk on the stars as we paced the station platform at Oakville on the night she returned to New York.

(*To A. C. from Ealing, February*, 1921.)

I was so delighted with the *Dohnavur Songs*. But first of all thank you for your long delightful letter ; it was good and strengthening, for you said you would pray no longer that I might not suffer, and that is best. I see so often afterwards what was accomplished. If God is love—and He is—nothing touches us but in love, and I am at last learning to glory in tribulation, because if you know that all suffering is going to result in the wonderful, it becomes again a spiritual adventure, and you always wonder what is coming . . . . I am home again ! I had a queer voyage back to England in a Dutch ship with numbers of Jews and Germans. A young missionary who had a birthday on board and had been given ever so many cakes and sweets and fruit at parting, for the occasion, invited everyone he knew to a party one evening. We all sat round and ate, and then everyone told where he or she was born ; you never heard such a recital ; we came from everywhere. The young fellow opposite me said he was a Hungarian (born in Hungary) and finished up a most comical recital with "and I have an estate in Palestine." I had a long talk with him afterwards. He spoke reverently of our dear Lord, and then said, very moved, "Do you know where Jesus would be if He came to-day? He would be with the emigrants" (*i.e.*, in the steerage) "and they would intern Him on Ellis Island, and send Him back as a Bolshevist." It went to my heart ; I seemed to see Him, ever after that, poor and shabby, sharing the sorrows of the emigrants ; it made it real. The birthday party ended with *Silent Night* and other old German hymns which I played for them ; even the Jews present sang ; it was beautiful !

I got back to find that Mother had been dreadfully

ill ; they had concealed it all from me, as much as I had concealed my American experiences from them ; she is still very frail and my father very crippled. He had various interviews on his birthday, and a "leader" in the *Times* on the work he has done for his generation ; his latest book has just come out. I am so glad for him.

A little later the story of the songs is continued.

I have just come back from taking a meeting for my brother, who is Vicar of St. Peter's, Paddington. I took with me the *Dohnavur Songs* as I wanted to go on working on my way to and fro. I have practically finished *Wood-Violets lent their blue.** I love it ; it is beautiful, and it caused me no hair-tearing through breaks in the setting. I have set it prayerfully, trying to express the wonder of the beauty of the "city which hath foundations," and the soft glow of the precious stones. I am going on now to the *Procession* and *Music in the Greenwood*. I am only doing the two verses in the latter, as they seem to me enough ; the Presence will be suggested, and I want all the world to be able to sing it without putting it aside as too sacred ; the suggestion is sufficient for the public, and "they who see will take off their shoes" without further expression.

In April, 1921, before starting for a short visit to Palestine for language study, Mary stayed with her cousin, Professor Rendel Harris, whose scholarly mind and spiritual insight both charmed her. She was eagerly learning all she could from Biblical scholars, as now she wondered whether among the new discoveries of archæologists in the Holy Land she might be led along the path of her quest. Once again, however, much though she learned and experienced on this visit to Palestine, there was no "find" to chronicle.

* *Brooding Blue*, published by Marshalls.

(*To A. C., from Jerusalem, May*, 1921.)

I feel as if the language took a great deal of time. Some of the pronunciations are as elusive as a mosquito under your curtain at night; they are almost entirely different from anything one has ever learned in any language, and one is driven to the conclusion that Arabic is a frightfully difficult language. . . . I realised the other day when Mr. Storrs,* our Governor here in Jerusalem, gave a lecture on Dante, how important it was to get as many languages as possible; it was so inspiring to hear him and Sir Herbert Samuel, the Commissioner, perfectly at home in English, French and Italian! Monks crowded to the lecture, and even Jewish Rabbis came; Mr. Storrs took a very sympathetic attitude, and I think everyone felt the great power of Dante, the dreamer, when it came to the point, "in His will is our peace."

The whole situation is terribly difficult. The people of the land are still furious with the Jews for coming in and buying up everything. There was a terrible pogrom at Jaffa a short time back, Arab *versus* Jews. We nearly had a bad time here the Sunday after I arrived. It was the last of the great Nebi Moosa processions from Hebron, and a special guard of Indian Lancers was stationed at the Jaffa gate, as the procession was not allowed to go through the city for fear of riots. The Governor himself was waiting on horseback to conduct the procession round, but after a few had followed him the rest deliberately burst through the Lancers and came howling through the city. I saw the whole thing by the Jaffa gate as I was just coming out of church, and it was an extraordinary sight. The military fired blank cartridges, and for a few minutes it was rather terrifying; the horror and fright of the spectators was great; they simply fled! I finally took refuge by an armoured car with a girl I knew, and we at last got through the gate again. The procession used a most ridiculous subterfuge; one of

* Now Sir Ronald Storrs.

them played " God Save the King," and while everyone stood at attention they made their dash !

The air is electric ; one does not know what is coming next ; but one feels assured that through it all the purposes of God are working out, though it seems to me that sometimes people try to hurry those purposes. For example, yesterday a man called here who had just arrived from England and who had with him a plan of Ezekiel's temple ! He said he was going to get the Jews to build it at once, and that he would most likely lose his life in the matter ! I listened aghast, for the man was evidently only fit to go into a nursing home for nervous strain (he put down his elbow on my bread and butter in his efforts to explain his plan), but Jerusalem simply abounds in such people, and you do need sanity in dealing with all these mighty things.

(*To U. M. S., from Jerusalem, June*, 1921.)

My life here has been broken by a most appalling tragedy. My friend Miss Lomax, the Warden of the Garden Tomb,* was murdered there last week. Only a few days before, I took duty for her and one never dreamed of such a disaster. It all seems like an appalling dream from the moment that we first heard she was missing, through all the endless search and then the frightful discovery in the garden, close by the tomb. I went down to gather the most beautiful flowers the same day for her coffin and I felt as if I hated the whole place, and as if I could never go there without shuddering again. I am staying with one of the members of the Committee, and then my brother Cyril is secretary at home to it, so that it gives me rather close touch. But when I was asked whether I would go and live at the Tomb for these last few weeks, I said firmly " No." I feel as if the place were still cursed and with no one short of the angel Gabriel would I live there ! For the present I feel as if only the

* The tomb near the Damascus Gate, believed by General Gordon to be that in which our Lord was buried.

tender hands of Christ can wipe the awful memory away. But I understand better now how the disciples must have felt on Good Friday ; whenever I say to my heart " How could those wicked men kill a defenceless woman ? " those words of Peter's come ringing to me, " By the hands of wicked men—crucified and slain," and I realise it all more ! . . . If you were here I should still laugh. Only a short time ago I called the young Syrian girl who waits on me (and who, by the bye, is a perfect adept at thieving), and I took her to the cupboard where I had put out the Turkish delight and the sponge-cake ready for a tea-party, and said to her in my most forcible Arabic, the Commandment " Thou shalt not steal," because she stole the sweets I made last time ! Then I felt as if I must howl with laughter because I was so terrified of having said the seventh Commandment instead—they are very much alike in Arabic. The poor girl looked fearfully guilty and alarmed, so I suppose it was all right !

Between the clashes of everything I am setting more of Amy Wilson Carmichael's things.

The very day Mary had sailed for Jerusalem, Austin Dobson had had a fall, and the news that reached her of his illness made her anxious to get home. The summer weeks of 1921 proved to be her last ones with her father, who passed away early in September. Mary often beguiled his weary hours by telling him stories or repeating poetry.

He spoke of Longfellow's ride of the camels to Ispahan, and several times I have tried to rest him by picturing the desert scene, and the camels coming slowly in. I have just been putting it to verse, though it is not polished. Here is part :—

Yellow amber is the sky,
Red as a sard, blood-red,
Over the desert, drawing nigh,
Soft sounds the camel's tread.

Groan the tired beasts, the riders sing
Song of a great content ;
Now, after weary wandering,
Glimpse they a distant tent.

Yea, they know they will toil no more,
Now will their travail cease,
Standeth the Master at the door,
Sayeth the Master, " Peace."

To the absent members of the family Mary wrote :—

My birthday was a short time after I arrived, and it was most touching that he kept remembering it and had my birthday present tucked away under his pillow. He often prayed, or asked one of us to pray with him, and when on one of these very last days he asked me to read the Bible to him, I began something from St. John (the Gospel one instinctively turns to in trouble) and he stopped me, saying he was reading St. Luke and that it was the fifth chapter.

The end came very gently and to Mary it seemed as if it were made easy for him, as for " Mr. Fearing " in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, for whom the waters were shallow as he passed over.

The last night before the funeral we took turns to watch the night through. My Mother said she did not mind if I played the piano, so I played the thing he loved the most, a beautiful calm thing that said all that is in my heart just now, and before we changed over, Dorothy and I sang the *Nunc Dimittis* together in the dark hours of the morning.

The funeral was very beautiful ; we chose the music carefully and had the things Papa really liked ; no funeral march at all, but selections from the *Messiah*, part of the overture to *The Hymn of Praise*, and Walford Davies' *Solemn Melody*. The flowers were per-

fectly lovely; the first that came were red roses brought by one of my young Indian doctors. We four daughters who had nursed got a cross with red carnations standing up; this was over the end of the coffin, and in the church you could see it all the time with Mr. Gosse's laurel wreath slung on just beneath. The sundial is to go on to the grave as Papa wished it. Mr. Arthur Waugh wrote on his wreath "In manus tuas, Domine," and I half hope they will put that on to the grave.*

For her mother's sake Mary now stayed in England, for there was need of her at home, though her youngest brother Alban, now settled in Ealing, took much of the responsibility for his father's literary works.

During the early months of 1922 some College visits on behalf of the Settlement were paid, and among them one to St. Andrews University, where Mary's youngest sister Mildred, Warden of University Hall, was in residence. "Mildred gave me opportunity for other talk besides Settlement, and some of the students seemed desperately keen on getting spiritual light, and at the end private interviews kept one busy."

While on that same tour in Scotland Mary received news that troubled her, of an old Bombay friend.

I have had rather a distressing note from Lady Hughes which makes me wish I were at home, though I go back on Friday. Sir Walter is dying. . . . I have seen a good deal of him; I think my strange experience comforted him, and we talked much of the things of God. He was touchingly thankful for all he had been granted and said often how good God had been to him, and what a happy life his had been. I want to get back

* This was done; and Mary now lies buried beside her father, in the Westminster Cemetery, Hanwell; at the head of the grave stands the sundial from their own garden.

before he dies ; I have a tremendous desire to take him a pot of snowdrops—I don't know why. I shall go, when I return, and get the sweetest blue bowl I can, and plant it full. There are numbers here all over the lawn, and there is something so heavenly about their appearance coming up above the snow ; it is a sort of message of Eternal Love.

To take a beautiful blue bowl with white flowers was very characteristic ; it brings back memories of a visit to a Jewish invalid, bearing a gift of deep orange-coloured mangoes with lilies laid round them. Meanwhile her letters to me show that literary and musical work was not neglected.

I have been very busy over *Gervase* [the story laid aside years before]. I am hoping to go up to the M——'s to read them part next week ; I feel I want very drastic criticism on it, for I will go on at it till I get it shipshape. . . . I was saying to Mother what an enormous time even the striving after perfection takes. But it is worth it, as I see from Father's papers which I have been sorting ; sometimes he has six versions or so of one poem !

. . . . .

I have just had a good big book of part-songs [*A Garland of Song*], taken by Winthrop Rogers ; it is to come out gradually in three volumes at 1*s.* each. I am thankful for the fruit of my labours, as it is quite a good year's work to have a book of part-songs and the Indian book of verses accepted, besides a good many single poems and songs (twenty-two to be exact).

A little later poor *Gervase* came back from a publisher, rejected :—

One always feels on these occasions as if one had had a slap in the face, and I am trying not to mind and to go on bravely with it, because if God has guided in the

writing of it, He must have some purpose in it, and will surely use it for His glory. And I want the money too for my expedition! But after all, God knows all this and God's will *is* perfect.

Yes, an "expedition" once more beckoned. The Star that had not shone over Jerusalem might shine elsewhere. Mary's researches had led her thought towards that storehouse of manuscripts, St. Catherine's Convent on Mount Sinai. With Canon Streeter in Oxford she had discussed the question of the fifty copies of the New Testament ordered by the Emperor Constantine early in the fourth century, but of which no copy has ever been found. Canon Streeter had shown her an exact reduplication of the Tischendorf MS. (the *Codex Sinaiticus*, found at St. Catherine's), supposed to be the second oldest in the world, and had said he thought it would be *like* the fifty copies.*

Mary then wrote to consult Dr. Rendel Harris (who had been to Mount Sinai before) only to find that he and other scholars were actually going, and he invited her to join them. Eager preparations followed :—

I am going now to take up old manuscripts for the next few months and try to get to read them easily, so that I can recognise the Blessed Word whenever I meet it. I hope (perhaps inconsequently) for more "logia," the great collection of the sayings of the Blessed Lord of which we only have bits. I study the old bit of papyrus so that I may know it well and recognise it when I hold it in my hands at last. "Jesus saith, Let not him who seeks . . . cease until he find, and when he finds he shall be astonished; astonished he shall

* Canon Streeter tells me that since this interview with Mary Dobson he has come to the conclusion that the Koridethi MS., which was discovered in a remote valley of the Caucasus was probably descended from one of Constantine's copies.

A. M. R. DOBSON, ON THE WAY TO MOUNT SINAI.

reach the Kingdom, having reached the Kingdom he shall rest." This is one, and I sometimes wonder if it is God's message for me.

This hope of the Star did not pass unchallenged ; the Cross seemed once again that summer for a moment to be dimly descried on the horizon, but it vanished, and the fear did not turn Mary from the pilgrim way.

I have been doing tracings from books on the uncial manuscripts Sir George Warner has lent me ; I want to have them by me. It is most fascinating work and the more I do, the more I realise the wonder of it all. Tischendorf first saw the *Sinaiticus* eighteen years before he was able to get the copy actually ! It only shows that you need an endless patience if you are going to accomplish anything, and that you must set your face like a flint, and let nothing turn you from your purpose. . . . It grows on me that Christ meant something quite different from what the Church has made of Holy Communion. I wish we could find more early documents on that subject.

As the days of preparation went by, Mary received an unexpected gift of money, especially for this expedition, which gave her an awed sense of God's loving care, and His endorsement of her quest. So December 22nd, 1922, found her starting for Cairo with a group of three friends, Dr. Annette Benson, Miss Edna Emerson and Miss Mabel Western. Dr. Rendel Harris brought with him Dr. Hatch (Harvard University), Mr. H. G. Wood (Woodbrooke), Miss Ethel Cutler (U.S.A.) and others.

(*January 8th*, 1923.)

Here we are on the edge of the desert. Ours is a very magnificent camp—wonderful tents with intricate colours and Arabic proverbs embroidered all over them ;

the whole thing rather reminds me of Indian Government Camp with its combined magnificence and squalor! We are a very happy party. Professor Hatch is delightful; I sat beside him yesterday at meals. It is a study to hear him and Cousin Rendel discuss Greek tenses, etc.! To-morrow at dawn we mount our camels and trail across the desert. The stars are a joy. We see them blaze at night, and Venus comes up like a shining lamp in the heavens.

Mary's descriptions of the Convent, given by letter and by a speech at a meeting on her return, make it vivid for us:—

In order to avoid several days of waterless desert, we came by sea from Suez to Tor, the little seaport on the western side of the Sinai Peninsula. Thence we worked our way through the desert, gradually rising as we mounted the great Sinai range, until we came to the plain of Rāha, the great camping place of Israel. I cannot tell you what it was to cross that plain, with the steep end of Horeb before us, and behind it Jebel Musa, the Mount of God, where Moses spoke with Jehovah face to face.

At the foot of Jebel Musa, at an altitude of about 5,000 feet, lies the Convent Fortress of St. Catherine; the high, towering walls enclose the actual building and its gardens, which are most beautiful. The almond trees were in blossom when we were there, and made a wonderful contrast to the rugged mountains around. The term "convent" technically includes both monasteries and nunneries; this Convent is, of course, only for monks, and is under the Greek Church. It was built by the Emperor Justinian early in the sixth century to protect the hermits (many of whom lived in the caves around the mountain at that time) from the furious inroads of the Saracens.

Side by side with the Christian Church within the Convent walls stands a mosque to which Moslems are

admitted once a year. This mosque is permitted because of the tradition that Mohammed when a camel-boy was hospitably entertained in the Convent, and gave a letter of protection, signed with his mark, to his hosts.

. . . . .

Among our own camel-drivers on the expedition were boys full of life and vigour; they should have been at school, but had not the chance. But education is spreading. . . . At Sinai we used sometimes to go round the camp fires at night to see who could read; the reader would take possession of *Joseph and His Brethren*, with its excellent illustrations, and would read aloud to the rest. . . . It would have done you good to see how at last the people came in to ask for Gospels.

(*To U. M. S., from St. Catherine's, Sinai.*)

We are as settled here as if we had been here for years, knowing the Fathers, monks, and sheikhs and poor folk around! We are very hard at work in the library, and Edna Emerson and I took over the Arabic manuscripts as there was no one else to do them! We have found some interesting things, and some are to be photographed with the rest. The whole camp atmosphere is scholastic, but very delightful.

The Plain of the Law is close at hand—Sinai looks over us. We wander fairly freely in the mountains. Miss Benson is delighted with everything. She is copying the pictures from a wonderful old book, which will be a real treasure to hunters after such illustrations.

We are having a succession of feasts with the Fathers! Miss Benson was summoned to see various sick ones, and Edna and I went as her assistants! We penetrated the innermost rooms of the Convent, and were regaled with jam and spirits (which we did not drink) in the young sick brother's room, with him on his bed. We have the greatest difficulty at times not to laugh!

A little later Mary wrote of her convictions as to St. Paul and Arabia :—

We had a tremendous argument one day in the tent, Cousin Rendel, Dr. Hatch, Mr. Wood and I, about St. Paul going into Arabia, from which I emerged triumphant in my own soul with a good deal of original apocryphal matter ! I feel practically convinced from his later minute reference to the mountain, that when St. Paul " went into Arabia " he came to Sinai. I think he most likely fasted there forty days as Moses and Elijah did, the " law," the " prophet," and the " gospel." I think he met Christ there and received the revelation which was not from men, and I like to think of all that happened in that wonderful communing. . . .

(*To A. C., from Sinai, January* 19*th*, 1923.)

I wish you could be here for one hour only, to see the wonderful mountains round, and to share our Holy Communion to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, to hear the Commandments just by the mountain where they were spoken at the first. The monks and Convent Fathers, great tall men dressed in the long black garments of the Greek Church, have been most kind to us as we all worked in the library.

We two who took over the Arabic manuscripts found various beautiful things, some of which Cousin Rendel is having photographed. There is a bit from an " Angel's Song " heard by an old monk in vision here ; it is an old manuscript and full of beauty. No—I can't quote yet, but I am translating the whole.

Last evening I went out with a lantern, up the mountain-side. Some of the forest songs rang in my mind. I found a cleft in the rock, and sheltered there from the wind ; you understand now what it is to shelter in a great rock-cleft ; the Arabs sleep in such niches here !

Three weeks of busy work in the library passed. Dr.

DR. RENDEL HARRIS AND DR. HATCH (IN SHEEPSKINS) WITH SOME OF THEIR PARTY, AND THE FATHERS, ST. CATHARINE'S CONVENT, MOUNT SINAI.

Rendel Harris and the two other scholars worked on the Greek manuscripts, and photographs on a large scale were taken of many early Christian tracts and other treasures which threw light on the lines of " apology " adopted by Christians of the early centuries in their fight with heathenism or with non-Christian philosophies. Even now (1926) but a small portion of the photographed MSS. have yet been translated and there is much of result still to come from this expedition. Prof. Rendel Harris has published two essays in the Rylands Library Bulletin : *A new Christian Apology* and *The Quest for Quadratus*. They attempt to show that in the so-called *Acts of Catherine* there are embedded fragments of a lost Christian Apology of the early part of the second century.

By April, Mary was hard at work in Ealing on an account of the Sinai trip.

The book wants more thought and study than one would think, and means time at the British Museum, though Sir George Warner near at hand is most kind in helping. I have just been doing geography characteristics, flora, and fauna, which is rather weary work ; I prefer imagination to truth ; isn't it shocking ? But if one is to tell at all about the Convent, one must describe the peninsula. As to the Convent, you have no idea how many statements are made in books which are really not correct. I am running up to Manchester this week-end. Cousin Rendel wants me as they are having a " Sinai " evening, and I am taking up all my questions and the films. I don't suppose the book * will be out before the autumn, but I want to get through as soon as possible.

One wholly unforeseen outcome of the Sinai trip was

* *Mount Sinai—A Modern Pilgrimage* (Methuen).

the decision by Miss Western to open a Guest House for Indian women. "It seemed such an answer to prayerful desire, for I had longed so for a house like this, and now it has come, and actually in Ealing! It makes one feel that God does fulfil one's desires in such a beautiful way. Now I want one in Palestine of the same kind, and then I shall feel the connection is complete!"

At first on Mary's return from Mount Sinai there was no hint at all of any failure in health. But suddenly in May her Cross began to block the way. Her letters reveal her perplexity, for she felt so sure there would once again be an expedition and then—the Star.

At the end of that month Mary was due at the annual Conference of the Fellowship of the Hidden Life, but instead came a note of apology; then a fuller explanation to me.

I *have* had a black time over it the last month and I cannot pretend I have not, but the battle was over at last, and I saw and understood that it was the old thorn and connected with the old quest, and that, as it was told me at the first, I could not win the quest without the thorn, so there is a ray of glory in it all. Your letter brought me a whiff of wisteria scent; it all sounded so sweet. June is a wonderful month; our roses are just coming out.

Only a few days later, however, the doctors had to tell her that an operation was useless and that there were only a few months of life before her. She was wonderfully brave, only breaking down for an instant as she told me—and even that not for herself, but for what it would cost those she loved. It seemed to us almost impossible to believe that only three months

were left for all the many things she could do for the cause of Christ; her life seemed so rich in possibility and she herself so full of zest for it and of greater joy and liberty of spirit than in some of the years gone by.

This atmosphere of peace and joy had increasingly marked her whole bearing. There were moments, of course, when in those last months it was obscured; as she wrote: "I lost Christ for a little while in the valley, and then He came back holding and helping." But on the other hand she often cheered us by little comments, such as: "There is an element of the comic in it · I feel like the May Queen in Tennyson's weary poem, who always turned up again, when she thought she would 'have passed away ere this'."

For a time she bravely worked at the British Museum in connection with her book, and even took two meetings in London, one being for the Nile Mission Press on June 20th. But it was with great effort, and she was deeply grateful for a cable from Amy Carmichael, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee." "We must keep our eyes on God. He will not disappoint us," she wrote courageously to her old friend, Jessie Matheson. But those around her knew soon that her time was short. She too realised it at last and her every energy was given to finishing the book and also the sets of songs which she felt would breathe out her message, because they were instinct with her prayers.

And God's love and grace did not fail her, for she was spared long suffering, and had with her in the last weeks her family, while friends, Indian and English, helped in any small ways that were possible.

Her pen was not laid down, indeed, till the last two days of her life, but in spite of all her indomitable

courage those three weeks of August must have been a crucible in which the refining fire was indeed purging away dross, though Mary scarcely breathed to any one what it involved. Alone with Christ she had to wrestle through the agony of yielding up her last great ambition of finding for the Church some new Gospel record; instead she had to leave to others the shining of that Star. But there was a gleam of gladness as she thanked God for the opening of the Guest House for her Indian friends, and for the first arrival there.

In the few moments of consciousness during the last two days the glory of the Fellowship she had always sought was evidently with her. "Remember it is all right. God is here," she said twice over, and her face lit up as if she saw a vision. On August 22nd, 1923, Mary joined the communion of the Church Triumphant.

There are a few lines quoted so often in her letters, that Mary would surely speak them now to those who sorrow and yet rejoice, as they think of her rare gifts, lost to us, yet all touched by immortality :—

A song of sunshine through the rain,
Of spring across the snow,
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
A peace surpassing woe.

Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,
Were just one day apart.

ANON.

APPENDIX

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MARY DOBSON'S WORKS

Prose

Earl Osric's Minstrel. R.T.S. 1908. Reprinted 1924.
The Quest of Gervase. Smith, Ipswich.
Mount Sinai : A Modern Pilgrimage. Methuen. 1925.

Verse

Songs in a Strange Land. Missionary Settlement for University Women. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

The Lotus Pool. Oxford University Press. 1914. Reprinted 1922.

The Toyman. Oxford University Press. 1924. Illustrated.

The Life Beautiful. National Sunday School Union.

Songs of the Love Divine. Y.W.C.A. 26, George Street, W. 1.

Translation

A Narrative of the Conversion of the Rev. Dhanjibhai Nowroji. (Translated from the Gujarati, 1905. Bombay Tract & Book Co.)

Music

May Days. Words by F. Bevan. Music by A. M. R. D. Joseph Williams.

A Christmas Lullaby and Other Songs for Children. Words and Music by A. M. R. D. Winthrop Rogers.

A Garland of Song, Part I., 6 songs. Winthrop Rogers.

Brooding Blue, 7 songs. Words by A. Wilson Carmichael. Music by A. M. R. D. Marshall Brothers.

A Spring Song. Words and Music. Boosey & Co.

That Telleth of Joy. Joseph Williams.
Brenda. Words by W. G. Robertson. James Macbeth, Aberdeen.
Sheltered. Words by G. W. Y.W.C.A. 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W. 1.
The Son of God Goes Forth to War. Curwen.
Till the Shadows Flee. Winthrop Rogers.
The Refuge. Winthrop Rogers.
When the Golden Sun Goes Down. Winthrop Rogers.
Marjoram, Thyme and a Bunch of Rue. Winthrop Rogers.
The Light of Love. Winthrop Rogers.

Mosaics. (Winthrop Rogers.)

1. A Morning in Spring.
2. What the Nightingale Sang.
3. May Flowers.
4. Spinning Song.
5. Sunrise.
6. The Child's Good Night.
7. At Parting.
8. A Twilight Song.
9. The Knight of Old.
10. The Night Wind.
11. The Purple Moor.
12. The Voyagers.

The Coming of Spring. Two-part Song. Winthrop Rogers.
The Coming of Spring. Three-part Song. Winthrop Rogers.
Melodious June. Winthrop Rogers.
Rejoice To-day with One Accord. Winthrop Rogers.
Primroses and Violets. Winthrop Rogers.

Anglican Carols. (Winthrop Rogers.)

20. Epiphany.
21. From Highest Bliss to Deepest Woe.
22. The Day of Days is Drawing Nigh.
23. In the Silence of the Night.
24. The Carol of the Shepherd Boy.

The Mountain Climbers. In *Music and Youth.* Evans Brothers.

INDEX

Abbott, Miss, 80
Acts of Catherine, 181
After the March, 157
Ahmedabad, 21, 27, 83, 127
Alexandra College, Dublin, 16, 114
,, High School, 48
All Saints' Sisters, 19
Allitsen, Frances, 60
Almora, 153
America, 14, 144
Anderson, Frank, 40, 79
Angel's Song, 180
Anglo-Indian students, 44, 87, 135
Arabic, 152, 165, 170, 180
Arthur Road Hospital, 19
Asceticism, 51, 71
Ashworth, Miss, 61
Australia, 77, 99, 143
Avril de Ste Croix, Mme., 146

Bach, 52
Bachelor of Music, 14, 17, 51
Badrinath, 153, 155 ff.
Bailey, Mr., 40, 41
Barbour, Gina, 114
Bath, 11
Beardmores, 1
Beni-Israel, 129, 131
Benson, Dr. A., 177, 179
Besant, Mrs., 81
Bible, 3, 65, 78, 98, 111, 145, 149, 164, 173, 176, 184
Bombay, 16, 17 ff.
Bombay Guardian, 129 ff., 142, 143
Bombay University, 43, 127, 133
Boulogne, 11
Boyd, Elsie, 122
Boyland, Helen, 16, 30, 33, 37
Bradford Girls' Grammar School, 115
British College Christian Union, 14
Brittany, 12
Brooding Blue, 169
Browning, Elizabeth, 72
Byculla, 107

Cairo, 177
Calcutta, 42, 108, 114, 116
" Cambridge Seven," 14
Canada, 144 ff., 167
Carlyle, 157
Carmichael, Amy Wilson, 62, 75, 167, 172, 183
Chandawarkar, Sir Narayan, 132, 133, 134
Chandra Lela, 71
Cheltenham Ladies' College, 114
Children, 66, 67, 71, 122
China Inland Mission, 36
Christmas Lullaby, A, 61
Christmas Peace Offering, A, 84
Church Missionary Society, 23, 35, 86, 118, 142
Conference, Liverpool, 15
,, of Missionaries, 79
,, of Students, 47, 48, 87, 109, 112, 152
,, Y.W.C.A., Madras, 46, 57
Conishead, 88
Cooke, May (Edwards), 16, 22, 33, 131, 149
Co-operation, 45, 46, 115
Crosthwait, Edythe, 110, 118, 122, 137, 149
Cutler, Miss Ethel, 177

DADABHAI Naoroji, 125
Daya, 81
Dhanjibhai Naoroji, Rev., 38
Dobson, Mrs., 2, 3, 12, 13, 54, 165, 193
,, Alban, 12, 174
,, Arthur, 12
,, Austin, 1, 2, 8, 11, 28, 59, 126, 144, 147, 165, 169, 172, 173, 175
,, Bernard, 12, 90
,, Clement, 12, 36
,, Cyril, 12, 171
,, Dorothy, 11, 37, 38, 80, 81, 87
,, Lissant, 9, 11, 26, 74
,, Margaret, 12, 67
,, Mildred, 11, 174
Dohnavur, 62, 168, 169

EALING, 1, 4, 174, 181
Earl Osric's Minstrel, 89, 97
Edgar, Professor, 147
Edge, Miss, 19
Edinburgh University, 77
Editorial work, 84, 129 ff.
Educational Conference, 132
Elgar, Sir E., 52, 53
Elphinstone College, 43, 49
Emerson, Miss Edna, 177, 179

Fairy Tale, A, 2
" Faithful," 152, 154, 155
Fear, Edith, 77
Fell, Katie, 77
Fénélon, 65
Fraser, Donald, 15
Freeman, Colonel, 35
Friendship, 8, 64–76, 136, 139, 162
Furloughs, 77, 78, 121, 143

GANDHI, 151
Garden Tomb, 171
Garland of Song, A, 175
Gedge, Evelyn, 56, 57, 114, 123, 126, 132, 137, 140, 144
Girton, 16
Goodier, Father (Archbishop), 128
Gosse, Sir Edmund, 126, 174
Government House, 48, 80, 120
Graduates' Union, 126, 127
Grahame, Kenneth, 72
Grant Medical College, 43, 120, 127
Griffiths, Winifred, 77, 110
Guildhall School of Music, 3
Gujarati language, 18, 19, 20, 30, 33
Guyon, Mme., 65

HACKFORTH, Miss, 130
" *Hard by the Land of Dreams*," 121
Hardinge, Lady, 120, 121
Harris, Miss, 111, 121
Harris, Professor Rendel, 160, 169, 176, 177, 180
Harvard University, 177
Hatch, Dr., 177, 180
Hebrew, 148, 151, 152, 165
Henderson, Jessie (Matheson), 7, 13, 19, 89, 183
Heywood, Canon, 130, 143
Hill, Agnes, 45, 92
Hindu Community, 24, 41, 108, 123, 128
Holiday House, Jahbordi, 140
Home Associates, 78
Home Members, 78, 81
Hoyte, Florence, 123, 149
Hughes, Sir Walter, 109, 174
Hunt, Miss, 48

IGATPURI, 87
Imagination, 67 ff.
Impey, Rosamund, 114
Indian Christian Community, 49
Indian history, 122
,, music, 54
,, National Association, 114
,, National Congress, 42
,, National Council Y.W.C.A., 112
,, University education, 41
Intercession services, 124, 139

Jamsetji Hospital, 125
Jebel Musa, 178
Jerusalem, 4, 143, 159, 163, 164, 170, 172, 176
Joshi, Canon, 142
Julian of Norwich, 72

Kailash, 148, 153
Kamballa Hill, 22, 27, 90
Keswick Convention, 9, 16
Kikuyu, 130
Kindergarten, 30
Kinnaird, Hon. Emily, 109
Kitching, Eline, 122
Koran, 82

Lindsay, Jessie, 77, 103, 131
Little Pilgrim in the Unseen, A, 66
Lloyd, Lady, 150
Lomax, Miss, 171
Lorimer, Eleanor (Miller), 78
Lotus Club, 113, 124
Lotus Pool, The, 122
Loyalty, 64, 104
Luther, 59, 75

Macdonald, George, 153
McDougall, Miss, 92, 115, 149, 159
Mackichan, Dr., 130
McNeile, Rev. H., 48, 86
Madras Women's Christian College, 93, 149
Maid Elsa, 84
Manchester University, 128
Matheran, 18, 27, 30
May Days, 85
Meek, Deci, 149
Melbourne University, 77, 149
Missionaries, 26, 36, 81, 102, 105, 162
Missionary Settlement for University Women (University Settlement), 15, 16, 22 ff.
Missionary vocation, 12
Mohammedan Community, 24, 30, 82, 108, 123
Moinet, Marjorie, 132, 144
Monod, Pasteur, 12
Montgomery, Dr., 54
Montreal, 146
Moody, 14, 82
Mosaics, 61, 62
Mott, John R., 14, 114
Moulton, Professor, 128, 129
Mt. Hermon, Mass., 14
Mount Sinai, a Modern Pilgrimage, 181
Muir, Sir William, 82
Music, 3, 5, 8, 20, 28, 47, 51–63, 67, 77, 88, 132, 136, 164, 167
Musical "At Homes," 28, 56
Musical Composition, 8, 58, 183
Mysticism, 72, 105, 138, 159

Naidu, Mrs. Sarojini, 125, 126
National Indian Association, 124
Nationalist feeling, 134
Navalkar, Miss Ruby, 44
New York, 145, 168
New Zealand, 77
Newnham, 16, 77, 122
Nicol, Elsie, 77
Nile Mission Press, 183
Noel-Patons, 60

Oratorio, 52
Otago University, 149

Palestine (also "Holy Land"), 4, 121, 125, 143, 148, 169
Panchgani, 19, 30
Panday, Miss Coomie, 158
Pandita Ramabai, 94
Parratt, Sir Walter, 52
Parsi Christian Association, 38
,, Community, 16, 18, 21 ff., 35, 37, 81, 86, 97, 108, 117, 123
Patell, Guli, 139
Peacey, Emily, 77
Peel, Rev. W. G. (Bishop), 23
Penang, 148, 156
Penn-Lewis, Mrs., 80
"Perpetua, My Lady," 152, 156, 157
Picton - Turbervill (Warlow), Edith, 77, 81, 87

Plague, 18, 19
Poems, 3, 68, 122, 172, 175
Poetry, 34, 35, 37, 54, 88, 136, 163, 164
Poona, 19, 40, 44, 109, 115, 140
Prayer, 13, 14, 26, 74, 98, 125, 147
Princess Helena College, 4
Procter, Lady, 35, 92
Procter, Sir Henry, 109, 159

Quest of Gervase, The, 96, 175
Quest of Quadratus, The, 181

Radstock, Lord, 92
Religious Tract Society, 89
Representative Council of Missions, 114, 180
Revival, 92 ff.
Roberts, Miss, 115
Romanes, Prof., 72
Ross, Lucy, 77
Rossetti, Christina, 72
Rouse, Ruth, 15, 35, 46

Sadhu Sundar Singh, 134, 142, 145, 148, 151, 156, 165, 166
St. Andrews University, 37, 122, 174
St. Catherine's Convent, 176, 178, 179, 181
St. Zavier's College, 128
Samāj, Prārthana, 24, 124
Samuel, Sir Herbert, 170
Saunders, Una, 16, 33, 59, 145, 167
Saxony, 9
Scott, Lady, 126
Sélincourt, Agnes de, 6, 7, 14, 15, 16, 21, 28, 46, 141
Sethna, Mrs., 110
Seva Sadan, 124, 127
Sharpley, Mr. [Rev.], 112
Shaw, Martin, 57, 62
Simla, 61, 81, 84, 156
Sinai (Mt.), 75, 176 ff.
Sinaiticus, Codex, 176 177
Social purity, 11, 85
Somerville, Oxford, 16, 77
Song in a dark night, A, 34
Song-Cycle, 58, 61, 85
Songs in a Strange Land, 110
Songs of the Love Divine, 122
Sorabji family, 19, 115, 141
South Africa, 16
South Carolina, 146, 165, 167
Spencer-Smith, Margaret, 104
Spinning Song, A, 61
Spiritual Colloquies of Giosue Borsi, The, 146
Spiritualism, 161
Stillwell, Olive, 149
Stocks, C. F., 122
Stones, The Misses, 16
Storrs, Sir Ronald, 170
Streeter, Canon, 176
Stuart, Rev. E. A. (Canon), 6, 16
Studd, C. T., 14
Student Christian Movement, 14, 40, 43, 45, 57, 88
,, Hostel, 5, 49, 107 ff., 121, 135, 138, 149
,, Volunteer Missionary Union, 14, 15
,, Volunteer Movement (U.S.A.), 144, 152, 165
Sunday observance, 4, 91, 101
Swānwick, Student Conference, 57, 97
Swarāj, 43
Switzerland, 9
Sydney University, 110

Tagore, Rabindranath, 62, 167
Taylor, Dr. and Mrs., 21, 54, 71, 83, 84, 151, 161
Teresa, St., 72
Tersteegen, 66
Theosophy, 81, 113
Tibet, 143, 145, 153, 156, 160
Till the Shadows flee, 37
" Tongues," 94, 95, 97, 105
Toronto, 145, 147
Towers of Silence, 22
Toynbee Hall, 16
Training, 99, 103

Union scheme, 144

Unity Club, 110
" Untouchables," 133

VAKIL, Gulbai, 107–120, 140, 141
Victoria College, 77
Vigilance Committee, 85
Visiting, 28

WAGNER, 52, 54
Wales, 88, 93
Walford Davies, 173
Wantage Sisters, 140
War, 123, 129
Warner, Sir George, 177, 181
Waugh, Mr. Arthur, 174
Weddings, 85
Weir, Anita, 10
Welch, R. E., 72
Wellesley College, 166
Western, Miss Mabel, 177, 182
Westfield College, 46, 115, 122, 123, 141
Wieniawski, 57
Wilder, Robert P., 14, 44
Williamson, Dr., 49
Willingdon, Lady, 120, 121
Willoughby-Jones, Miss, 87
Wilson College, 23, 43, 108, 149
Wimereux, 12
Womanhood, 66, 123
Women's Christian College, 115
Wood, Mr. H. G., 177, 180
Woodbrooke, 177
World's Student Christian Federation, 45, 46

YOUNG Men's Christian Association, 40, 45, 114, 133, 158, 160
Young Women of India, The, 84
Young Women's Christian Association, 45, 46, 81, 87, 92, 104, 109, 110, 145, 146

ZENANA Bible and Medical Mission, 23, 46
Zend-Avesta, 117, 128
Zoroastrian religion, 28, 38, 117, 128

PRINTED BY THE WHITEFRIARS PRESS, LTD., LONDON AND TONBRIDGE.

GTU Library
3 2400 00721 6140

1. **No book**
without
Borrowe
age do
possessi
good a
2. (a) R
for a
call ha
may be
(Where
must b
(b) R
Monda
the nex
from t
at 9 a.
3. Books
the lib
renewe
one-da
4. A fine
on eac
cording
5. MAGA
from
permis

MT35 89 CBBD-
D65
Sa8 Mary Dobson CROUCH
/ U.M. Saunders

Graduate Theological Union
Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709

DEMCO

GTU Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-2500
All items are subject to recall